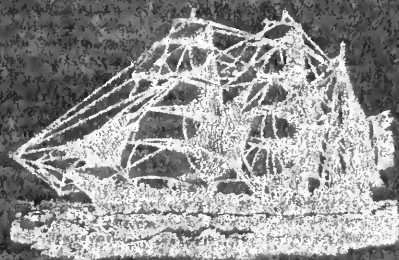


Old Shipping Days in Boston



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Old Shipping Days in Boston

Printed for the
State Street Trust Company
Boston, Mass.

1918

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THE revival in American shipping and the consequent interest in maritime affairs have recalled to many merchants and to those whose ancestors were seafaring men, the stories of the bygone days when the American clipper ship was queen of the seas. This increasing interest in shipping is due to a certain extent to the present war, which has produced so many daring maritime exploits that when the stories come to be told they will equal the most thrilling adventures of the sailing-ship days.

Realizing the extent of this interest in the shipping of to-day, the State Street Trust Company has compiled its thirteenth annual pamphlet entitled "Old Shipping Days in Boston," within the covers of which may be found some interesting stories and reminiscences of the days of the clippers, when the captain was a merchant and trader as well as a bold and fearless navigator, and when the crews were largely "Down-Easters," hailing from Bath, Portland, Portsmouth, Gloucester, Marblehead, Salem, Newburyport, Boston, or the Cape or Sound ports.

Much of the material has been collected from diaries, letters, and information procured through the kindness of many persons whose families were connected with the early shipping of Boston; and the Trust Company is deeply indebted to these persons who have so kindly placed their knowledge at the compiler's disposal: Captain Arthur H. Clark, the officers of the Boston Public Library and of the Bostonian Society, Llewellyn Howland, Mrs. F. C. Shattuck, Dr. F. C. Shattuck, Mrs. D. A. de Menocal, D. A. de Menocal, Mrs. Augustin H. Parker, Samuel Cabot, Harris Livermore, G. Peabody Gardner, Jr., Lester H. Monks, Mrs. William Hooper, Mr. Martin of the Widener Library (Harvard College), Mrs. F. S. Converse, F. S. Converse, Samuel Russell, Horace S. Crowell, William G. Wheel- don, William C. Endicott, R. Elmer Townsend, Francis R. Allen, Captain N. B. Washburn, Dr. F. S. Watson, Captain Frederic Hinck- ley, Mrs. Charles E. Perkins, various members of the Dabney family, J. Murray Forbes, Charles H. Taylor, Jr., E. B. Drew, John H. Sturgis, Lawrence W. Jenkins, John S. Curtis.

Should any names have been overlooked, it is due either to the very large volume of correspondence received on the subject or to the fact that it has been found necessary to divide the pamphlet into two parts, the second half to appear at some future date. Should any readers have pictures of Boston ships or any history or anecdotes connected with the old shipping days, the Trust Company would like very much to hear from them, as it could probably make use of such material in the forthcoming issue.

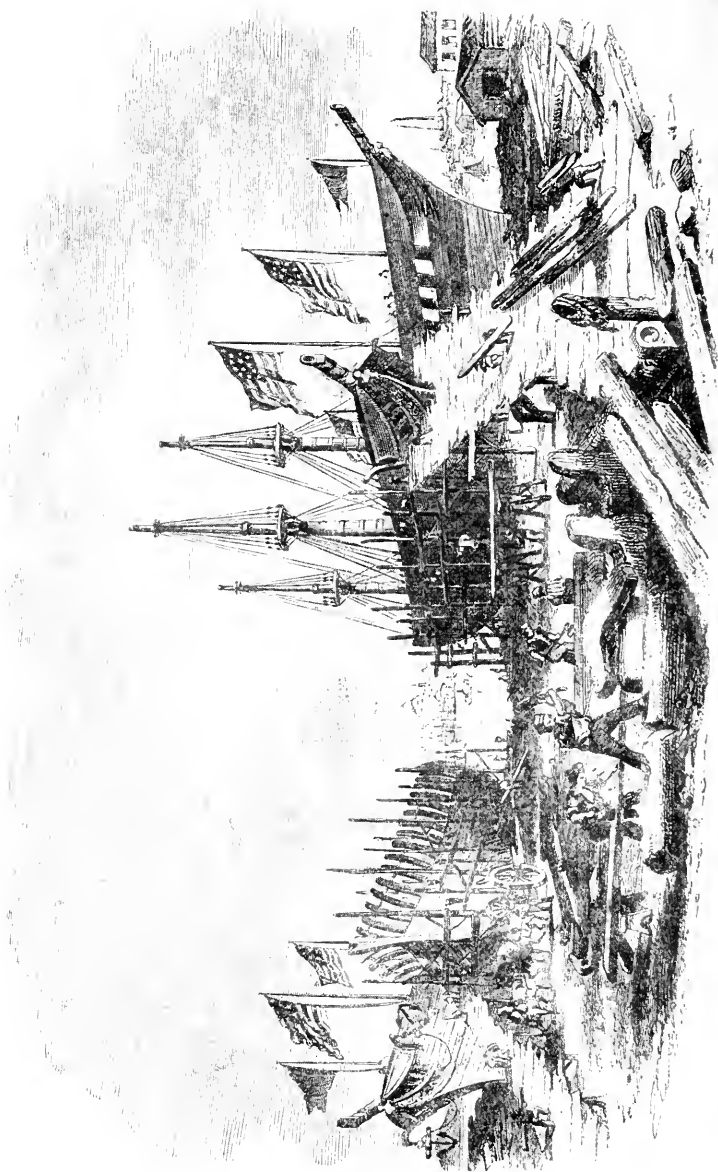
FOREWORD

The following books, pamphlets, and periodicals have been consulted:

- Annals of the Dabney Family*, Roxana Lewis Dabney.
History of the Town of Medford, Charles Brooks.
Memorial History of Boston, J. D. Winsor.
Wrecked on a Reef on the China Sea, Frederic Hinckley.
Landmarks and Historic Personages of Boston, Samuel A. Drake.
Remarks on the Voyage to Island of Guam, L. W. Jenkins.
Deacon Tudor's Diary, William Tudor.
Scribner's Magazine.
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Old Boston Days and Ways, Mary Caroline Crawford.
Journals of Major Samuel Shaw, Josiah Quincy.
Narrative of Voyages and Travels, Amasa Delano.
Memorial of Thomas Handasyd Perkins, Thomas G. Carey.
History of Merchant Shipping, W. S. Lindsay.
Early Shipbuilding in Massachusetts, Captain George Preble, U.S.N.
Life of Father Taylor, Boston Port and Seamen's Aid Society.
Economic and Social History of New England, William B. Weedon.
The Clipper Ship Era, Arthur H. Clark.
Boston—The Place and the People, A. DeWolfe Howe.
The American Merchant Marine, Winthrop S. Marvin.
The China Clippers, Basil Lubbock.
Bits of Old China, William C. Hunter.
Ships and Sailors of Old Salem, Ralph D. Paine.
The Story of the American Merchant Marine, John R. Spears.
Personal Reminiscences, Notes on Navigation, Ships of the Past, China and the China Trade, Robert Bennet Forbes.
Shipbuilding on the Merrimac River, John J. Currier.
Bostonian Society Publications.
Massachusetts Historical Society Proceedings.
New England Magazine.
Columbian Centinel.
Essex Institute Historical Collections.

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From a woodcut

SHIPBUILDING AT EAST BOSTON IN 1855

Collection of the State Street Trust Co.

East Boston was the centre of this industry in Massachusetts, and there many of the fastest and most famous clippers were built.



“THE MERCHANTMEN ”

Beyond all outer charting
We sailed where none have sailed,
And saw the land-lights burning
On islands none have hailed;
Our hair stood up for wonder,
But when the night was done,
There dawned the deep to windward
Blue—empty 'neath the sun.

Rudyard Kipling.



THE earliest settlers of New England built their huts near the ocean, first of all, so as to be able to use the sea as a source of food, and secondly to provide for themselves a convenient place of refuge in case of attacks from the savages. In fact all things to do with the sea dominated their thoughts. It is not strange therefore that our colonists became both ship builders and sailors, and although Yankee privateers, Yankee packets, and Yankee clippers no longer plough the seas of the world, nevertheless their fame and the romance that went with them will endure forever. We also owe to these early sailors the development of a seafaring race,—men who during our wars became experts in manning our ships.

The first vessel built near Boston was the “Blessing of the Bay.” Governor Winthrop, who is often spoken of as the father of our American Merchant Marine, twelve months after his own landing, and before Boston was one year old, built on the Mystic River at Ten Hills Farm in Medford, this little bark of thirty tons, which was the first vessel constructed in Massachusetts. He gave as the reason for building that “the general fear of foreign commodities, now our

OLD SHIPPING DAYS IN BOSTON

money was gone and things were like to go well in England, set us on work to provide shipping of our own." The "Blessing of the Bay" was launched, curiously enough, on the 4th of July, 1631. She was half trader and half fighter, and for this reason has been usually referred to as the first American vessel of war, and the ways upon which she stood so long are called the cradle of American shipbuilding. In August of the same year she was ready for service. A solemn little band gathered on the shores of the river, near Governor Winthrop's home, and prayed for the safe return of the colony trained crew, which was bound on the first trading voyage of a New England vessel to the Dutch on Long Island. Her sailing marked the beginning of commerce with the outside world and furnished also proof that our New England forests could furnish sufficient material for shipbuilding, which industry increased so rapidly that New England was soon able to say, "My spars of New England pine have been sent to every shipbuilding nation in Europe." England soon realized the value of our tall pine trees and in the first patents granted, reserved the right to send a royal surveyor into the woods to mark with an arrow sign our forest trees to be used by her navy. There is a note of this maiden voyage in Winthrop's journal, which mentions that "among the curious things noticed by the sailors on their voyage were Indian canoes at Long Island, capable of carrying eighty men." The "Blessing of the Bay" is recorded as having been a successful vessel. Her cost was £165.

The first ship built in Boston was the "Trial," which was launched in 1641, in the North End. The inhabitants of Boston were stirred by the example of Hugh Peters of Salem, and as Governor Winthrop expressed it, "set upon building of another at Boston of one hundred and fifty tons." Constructed by Captain Nehemiah Bourne, her first voyage was to the Azores and West Indies under the command of Thomas Coitmore. Winthrop says in his journal of January 23, 1643, that the "Trial" had arrived in Boston, laden with wine, fruit, oil, linen, and wool, which "was a great advantage to the country, and gave encouragement to trade." "The work was hard to accomplish," continues Winthrop, "for want of money &c., but our shipwrights were content to take such pay as the country could make." For more than two centuries after this, Massachusetts every year sent out a vast fleet of wooden ships, and probably the reason the colony maintained its position in the maritime world was owing to the care that was taken in the output. As early as 1641 this provision was made: "Whereas, the country is now in hand with the building of ships, which is a business of great importance for the common good, and therefore suitable care is to be taken that it is well performed, according to the commendable course of England and other places: it is therefore ordered that when any ship is to be built within this jurisdiction it shall be lawful for the owner to appoint and put in some able men to survey the work and workmen from time to time as is usual in England, and the same so appointed shall have such liberty and power as belongs to his office."

OLD SHIPPING DAYS IN BOSTON

In spite of the Indians, piracy, and the regulations placed on the colony by England, shipbuilding in and near Boston increased steadily. In the year 1676, Governor Hutchinson stated that there were thirty vessels of between one hundred and two hundred tons in size, two hundred between fifty and one hundred tons, and five hundred smaller ships in the vicinity of Boston. Towards the end of the century Boston claimed almost two hundred seagoing vessels to New York's one hundred and twenty-four, and it is probable that New Yorkers grew very tired of this ditty that was heard everywhere:—

“Wide-awake Down-Easters,
No-mistake Down-Easters,
Old Massachusetts will carry the day.”

Boston increased so rapidly as a shipping centre as to bring forth from Bellomont, the Colonial Governor, the remark, “I may venture to say that there are more good vessels belonging to the town of Boston than all Scotland and Ireland, unless one should reckon the small craft such as herring boats.” It is recorded that from Christmas 1747 to Christmas 1748, five hundred and forty vessels cleared from, and four hundred and thirty entered, the port of Boston, not counting coasting and fishing vessels. In the year 1770 it is figured that Massachusetts built one-half of all the ships constructed in America. It may also be of interest to note that on one day, October 27, in the year 1791, seventy vessels sailed from Boston for different parts of the world. A sketch in the Massachusetts Historical Society collections at about this time reads: “There are 80 wharves and quays, chiefly on the E. side of the town. Of these the most distinguished is Boston pier, on the Long Wharf, which extends from the bottom of State Street 1743 ft. into the harbour. Here the principal navigation of the town is carried on; vessels of all burdens load and unload; and the London ships generally discharge their cargoes. . . . The harbour of Boston is at this date crowded with vessels. It is reckoned that not less than 450 sail of ships, brigs, schooners, sloops, and smaller craft are now in this port.”

In 1789 our Government protected its Merchant Marine so satisfactorily that the shipping rose from 123,893 tons in 1789 to 411,438 tons in 1792, and continued to increase for a number of years. The years between 1789 and 1828 have always been considered the golden age of American sea-borne commerce, although there was a greater tonnage in the days of the clipper ships.

It only requires a little imagination to go back to the early days when most of the farmhouses were near the sea and in front of each usually could be seen riding at anchor a trim little vessel, in which the owner went fishing during the week and in which the whole family went to church when Sunday came round. These sturdy New Englanders have often been referred to with much truth as half farmer and half sailor.

One of the most celebrated shipbuilding towns near Boston was Medford on the Mystic River.

Thatcher Magoun, destined to be the father of a great fleet of ships that sailed out of Medford, chanced to stroll on a pleasant day up Winter Hill, and from a mound of earth that had been thrown up by the patriot soldiers he looked off over the river Mystic.

"What a fine place to build ships!" thought he, as he watched the full tide sweeping in. A score of questions came to his mind. How deep was the water at high tide? Were there any rocks or shoals in the stream? Could timber be had in the neighborhood, and could land be purchased at a reasonable price?

He saw a two-masted schooner at one of the distillery wharves nearby, and set out towards her.

"How much water do you draw?" he asked.

"Ten feet."

"What's your tonnage?"

"One hundred and twenty tons."

"Do you go up and down the river often?"

"Yes. I bring wood for this distillery."

"Are there any large rocks or bad shoals in the bed of the river?"

"No. It's all clear."

"How deep is the water generally at high tide?"

"About fifteen or twenty feet."

"Do you think that an empty ship of three hundred tons could float down the river?"

"Oh, yes."

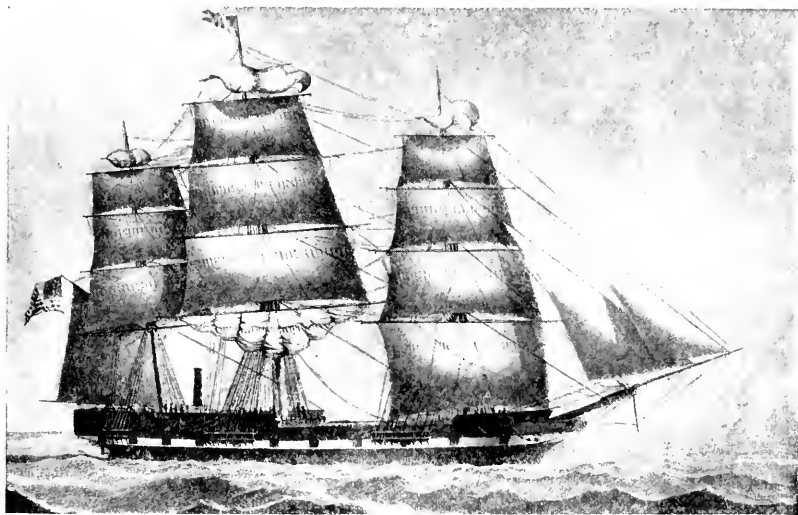
"I'll make the trial," probably thought Thatcher Magoun, and he did.

Timber was bought in the surrounding towns, and the first that Mr. Magoun procured was from what is now Winchester, at the rate of \$6 a ton, cut and delivered. "Thus 1802 saw laid the first keel of that fleet of merchant ships whose sails have shaded every sea and bay on the navigable globe."

Thatcher Magoun served an apprenticeship with Enos Briggs in Salem, with whom he remained five years. Later he went to Mr. Baker's shipyard in Charlestown, which was then located where the Navy Yard is now. There he studied modelling for two years, and made the model of the first vessel he built—the "Mt. Etna," one hundred and eighty-seven tons. Other merchant vessels were built in his yard at Medford, also several privateers for the War of 1812, his most famous one, the "Avon," being launched twenty-six days after her keel was laid.

The "Amethyst," "Emerald," "Sapphire," and "Topaz," of about three hundred and fifty tons, were built by Magoun in 1822 for the Boston and Liverpool Packet Company which for a few years ran between Boston, Charleston, S.C., and Liverpool, and back direct to

OLD SHIPPING DAYS IN BOSTON



From an old print

THE "MASSACHUSETTS," THE FIRST AUXILIARY STEAM PACKET TO CROSS THE ATLANTIC

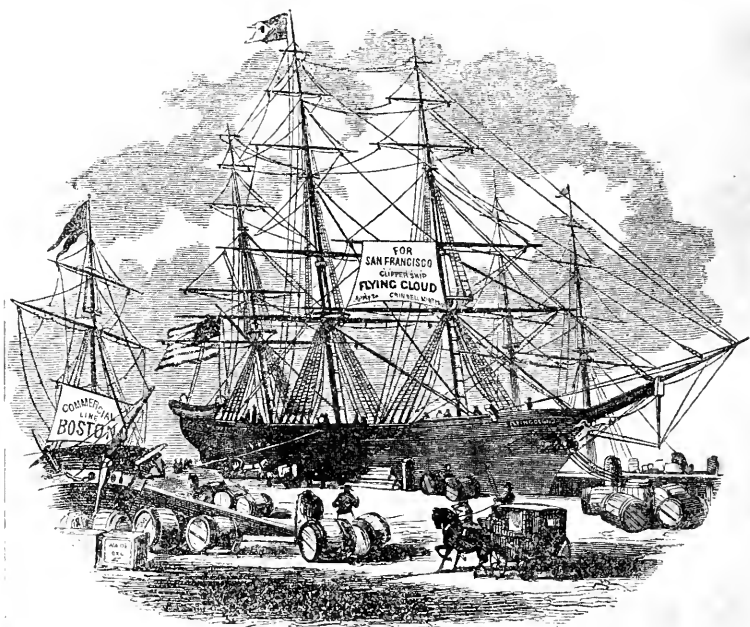
She was built by some enterprising Boston merchants.

Boston. Six years after this venture another Liverpool line was started to Boston, and for this Magoun built the "Boston," "Lowell," "Liverpool," "Plymouth," and "Trenton." Between the years 1822 and 1829, he built the "Lucilla," owned by Daniel P. Parker; the "Brookline," the "Courser," owned by Henry Oxnard; and the "Margaret Forbes," owned by Bryant and Sturgis. All of these ships sailed out of Boston.

Thatcher Magoun was considered the father of shipbuilding on the Mystic, his yard alone turning out one hundred and seventy-five vessels.

In connection with shipbuilding near Boston it may be interesting to mention an incident concerning the town of Rowley. The largest vessel ever built there was made on the Common, under the direction of Nathaniel Perley, and from this spot the ship, when completed, was drawn by a hundred oxen more than a mile and a half to the river. She was called the "County's Wonder." Other shipbuilding centres near Boston were Charlestown, Scituate, Ipswich, Essex, Gloucester, Plymouth, Salem, Lynn, New Bedford, Danvers, and Newburyport. A number of vessels, including one called the "Milton," were built in Milton on the Neponset River at the foot of Milton Hill. The "Milton" finally became a New Bedford whaler.

OLD SHIPPING DAYS IN BOSTON



From a print

Collection of the State Street Trust Co.

THE CLIPPER SHIP "FLYING CLOUD" ABOUT TO SAIL FOR CALIFORNIA

The "Flying Cloud" was built by Donald McKay in 1851 and was commanded by the noted Capt. J. P. Creesy of Marblehead. She was one of the fastest ships ever built, holding the record up to that time of 427½ miles for a day's run, and making the voyage to California in the then unheard-of time of eighty-nine days. This record for a day's run exceeded by forty-two miles that of the fastest mail steamship on the Atlantic up to that year.

The sea was the Wall Street and the State Street of the days when shipping was in its prime and the chief topic of conversation was as to who owned the fastest ship. The merchants and ship owners of Boston met "on 'change" in front of the old Merchants' Exchange on State Street, and would lay many a wager from the customary beaver hat to thousands of dollars on the clippers that were about to sail. Every man connected with shipping supported his favorite clipper and many a captain loved his vessel almost as much as the members of his family. It is related that Captain Hardy of the bark "Young Turk" of Boston was obliged to give up going to sea on account of ill health, and as the vessel left the dock he patted her side, while the tears rolled down his cheeks.

The ships in the China Tea trade usually docked at T Wharf, which was covered with brick warehouses, and here the teas and silks from the East were unloaded. It was a common joke in China

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that the Americans had nothing to offer in return for the produce of the East except ice, apples, and *bills*!

Superiority in speed became more and more necessary to success in shipping. When Daniel Draper, a Boston fruit merchant, had his bark "Jehu" built he told the builder that he must have a vessel that could *sail* even if she could carry only a box of oranges. A good idea of the deep sea trade is conveyed by Captain Clark, who, in "The Clipper Ship Era" declares that "yacht racing . . . in comparison with the old clipper ship racing, resembles snipe shooting as compared with hunting big game in the wilds of Africa, while the gold and silver yacht racing cups appear as mere baubles beside the momentous stake of commercial supremacy for which the clippers stretched their wings."

One of the most extraordinary races was from China to England between the "Taeping" and the "Ariel," there being however three more clippers in the contest. The latter was the winner of this sixteen thousand mile race by the small margin of only twelve minutes, and even this was disputed. Another thrilling contest was between the two clippers "Champion of the Seas" and the "James Baines," both bound from England to Calcutta with troops. These two great ships raced in from sea almost abreast, with every sail set, with their regimental bands playing national airs, and amid wild cheers from the soldiers and sailors on board. These ocean races which lasted for many weeks were a great strain on the officers and men, and on many a voyage the captains got no sleep for nights on end. The sailors were often a tough lot of men, but they nevertheless had the reputation of being hard workers; in fact, it has often been said of them that they worked like horses at sea, and behaved like asses ashore.

Our clippers were so successful that the American Navigation Club, of which Daniel C. Bacon of Boston was president, issued a challenge in 1852 to British ship builders and owners, stipulating that "two ships should be modelled, commanded, and officered entirely by citizens of the United States and Great Britain respectively, and that they should sail with cargo on board from a port in England to a port in China and back to the English port, the prize for the winning vessel to be £10,000." Captain Philip Dumaresq of Boston would probably have commanded the American ship had the race taken place. Some of the other members of the Navigation Club and interested in the challenge were T. H. Perkins, J. P. Cushing, William H. Boardman, John M. Forbes, Warren Delano, and Edward King, all well-known merchants of this city. The English newspapers endeavored to persuade their countrymen to accept the challenge before the time limit expired. No acceptance however was received, therefore the Americans decided to increase the stake to £20,000 and to allow the Englishman two weeks' start, but even with this handicap the proposal was declined.

During the wild race for gold in California in 1849 seven hundred and seventy-five vessels cleared from Atlantic ports for San Francisco,

OLD SHIPPING DAYS IN BOSTON

Massachusetts sending two hundred and twenty-four of this number. Ninety-one thousand four hundred and five passengers from almost every nation on the globe arrived in the Golden City during that year, whereas the previous year only four vessels arrived from Atlantic ports. Officers and crews rushed ashore in search of the gold, leaving their ships to take care of themselves, and the result was that many vessels never again left the harbour of San Francisco, being transformed into store ships, hotels, hospitals and even prisons. Many were actually left there to decay. One full rigged ship which was run ashore was made into a "bunk-house" as the Westerners called it, a door being then cut in her side, with a painted hotel sign over it. Another vessel was utilized as a saloon, and still another, the "Euphemia," became the first prison in San Francisco. A rather curious thing happened to the "Niantic"; she was beached and turned into a warehouse, gradually becoming imbedded in mud at some distance from the shore. In her new rôle she made large sums of money for her owner. A fire, however, burned her topsides, but the rest of her hull was utilized as the cellar of the Niantic Hotel, which was the only really dry cellar in the neighborhood. Some time later the building was torn down, and thirty-five baskets of champagne were found hidden between the floor timbers, having been there for over twenty-one years. This wine was very choice, and some of the "forty-niners" celebrated their arrival there many years before by opening a bottle. At the height of the gold fever every shipyard on the coast set to work to build ships, even the farmers becoming wood sawyers, and every one who worked on a vessel was allowed a share in the venture. An ordinary seaman commanded wages of \$150 per month or even more, and there was a yarn that went around among seamen that during these times a captain had to produce satisfactory recommendations from his last crew before a new one would ship with him. At one time freight rates were \$60 per ton of forty cubic feet, some vessels netting as much as \$72,000 on one voyage out. Beef and flour brought \$50 a barrel, and miners were paid from \$100 to \$1,000 a day for washing dirt.

During this craze the following ditty was sung by many gold seekers bound round the Horn for California:—

"I come from Salem City
With my wash-bowl on my knee,
I'm going to California
The gold dust for to see.
It rained all day the day I left,
The weather it was dry;
The sun so hot I froze to death,
Oh, brother, don't you cry.

"O California,
That's the land for me,
I'm going to California
With my wash-bowl on my knee!"

OLD SHIPPING DAYS IN BOSTON

In 1867 the merchants of Boston formed a steamship line to run between this port and Liverpool. The first steamer built was the "Ontario" and on her trial trip all the stockholders were invited to dinner on board of her. In giving a toast one of the gentlemen present finished his remarks by saying "and here is my dividend," meaning, of course, the dinner. It did happen that the enterprise was a failure and the dinner was all that any one got out of it.

A curious accident happened off Cape Cod in 1901. Up to that time only two six-masters, the "Eleanor A. Percy" of Bath, and the "George W. Wells" of Boston, had ever been built, and, curiously enough, these two vessels, the only two of their kind in existence, unfortunately collided, the damage luckily being slight.

It may interest card players to know that it is supposed that an American packet ship first introduced poker into London.

Massachusetts holds the honor of having built, launched, and named the first schooner, which has been referred to as the "greatest gift of American shipyards to the merchant fleet of the sea before the Revolution." The schooner is distinctly a Yankee type, and Massachusetts cherishes the tradition that surrounds her launching. In 1713 Captain Andrew Robinson of Gloucester built the first schooner rigged vessel, and as she slid gracefully into the water, one of the spectators exclaimed, "See how she 'scoons.'" Her owner jumped at the idea and replied, "A schooner let her be!" In this way originated a name which has been applied to two-masted fore-and-aft rigged vessels, a type so popular in and so distinctive of American waters. It should be explained that the word "scoon" was used to describe the skipping of a flat stone on the water. This new rig was a great boon to our Merchant Marine, and it was not long before Europe began to realize its advantages. Such a vessel could sail very close to the wind and could be manned by a small crew. Ever since the year 1713 Gloucester has been the home of the schooner. This same Captain Robinson was also a great fisherman, and it was said of him that, when the fish were biting fast, he would not leave the deck to eat his lunch, but instead he had a biscuit brought to him which he "contrived to eat by working it round in his mouth with his teeth and lip, while his hands were attending to the hook and line." Men like Captain Robinson have made Gloucester one of the most noted fishing ports in the world.

Major Samuel Shaw belonged to one of the best families of Boston. He served bravely under General Knox during the Revolution, and was so poor after the war that he determined to go into business. At this time some capitalists, being desirous of opening up our commerce



From a print

In "The Journals of Major Samuel Shaw"

SAMUEL SHAW OF BOSTON, PIONEER OF THE CHINA TRADE

with China, offered him the position of commercial agent for the voyage. Shaw promptly accepted on condition that Captain Randall, a friend of his during the war, should be allowed to share the profits with him. He accordingly set sail from New York in 1784 in the "Empress of China," which was the first American vessel to carry our flag to China. While off the Cape de Verde Islands the "Empress" happened to anchor near another ship, of rather doubtful reputation. The Yankee captain, as they were about to be visited by the foreigners, advised caution, saying amusingly, "These fellows are St. Peter's children, every finger a fish-hook and their hand a grapnel." This advice probably prevented the ship from losing many valuables.

The American vessel sailed up the Canton River to Whampoa, twelve miles below Canton, where she was saluted by the other foreign ships, the English sending over an officer to welcome our flag to that part of the world. At Canton the newcomer was visited by the principal Chinese merchants of the city and by the occupants of many of the "factories" or business offices of the foreign countries. Major Shaw was much impressed with the fact that no Europeans

OLD SHIPPING DAYS IN BOSTON

were allowed to remain in Canton throughout the whole year. When the ships had sailed and they had settled their accounts with the Chinese, they retired to Macao, where each nation ran its own establishment, until their ships arrived the next season. Shaw also mentions the "banksalls" at Whampoa on the shore for the storing of spars, sails, casks, etc. Each nation had its "banksall" which the Chinese erected at a cost of about \$200, tearing them down as soon as they were vacated, in order that they might set up new ones and thereby repeat the charge.

As no foreigner at that time was allowed in the custom house it was also necessary to employ a linguist at considerable additional expense; nor should the trader forget to bring to the "hoppo," the chief officer of the customs, some "sing-songs" or articles of curiosity from which the "hoppo" selected such as happened to please him. He asked for a price to be fixed, but it was understood that the charge should be about one-twentieth of the actual value. The "hoppo" who inspected the Yankee vessel was disappointed to find out that there were no "sing-songs" on board, and suggested that on the next voyage these important requisites be not forgotten. The "Empress" carried out a cargo of lumber, rum, and ginseng, and returned laden with tea and silk.

The Chinese could not distinguish between the English and the Americans on this first voyage to China, and continually referred to the Yankees as the "New People." When shown the map of the United States, they began to realize we were a separate nation, and when they saw the extent of our territory it gave to them great hopes of future commerce with their country. The Chinese were good traders and never hesitated to offer a third as much as the goods were worth. Major Shaw in his diary quotes the following conversation upon the consummation of a bargain. "You are not Englishmen?" said the Chinaman. "No." "But you speak English word, and when you first come, I no can tell difference; but now I understand very well. When I speak Englishman his price, he say, 'So much—take it—let alone.' I tell him, 'No, my friend, I give so much.' He look at me,—'Go to Hell, you damned rascal! What! you come here—set a price my goods?' I see you—no Englishman." Major Shaw said that justice compelled him to add the rest of the Chinaman's remarks. "All men come first time China very good gentlemen, all same you. I think two three time more you come Canton, you all same Englishman too."

Major Shaw made a second trip to China in 1786 to assume his duties as the first United States consul ever sent to China, which position was deemed necessary on account of the steadily increasing trade with the East. This post carried "neither salary, fees nor perquisites," yet it marked an important era in the extension of the trade of this country. On this voyage the ship met with a curious accident. The main topmast caught on fire owing to the friction of a runner, and fell end first into a chest of powder, luckily doing no harm. Not long after his arrival in China the new consul visited Calcutta, where he

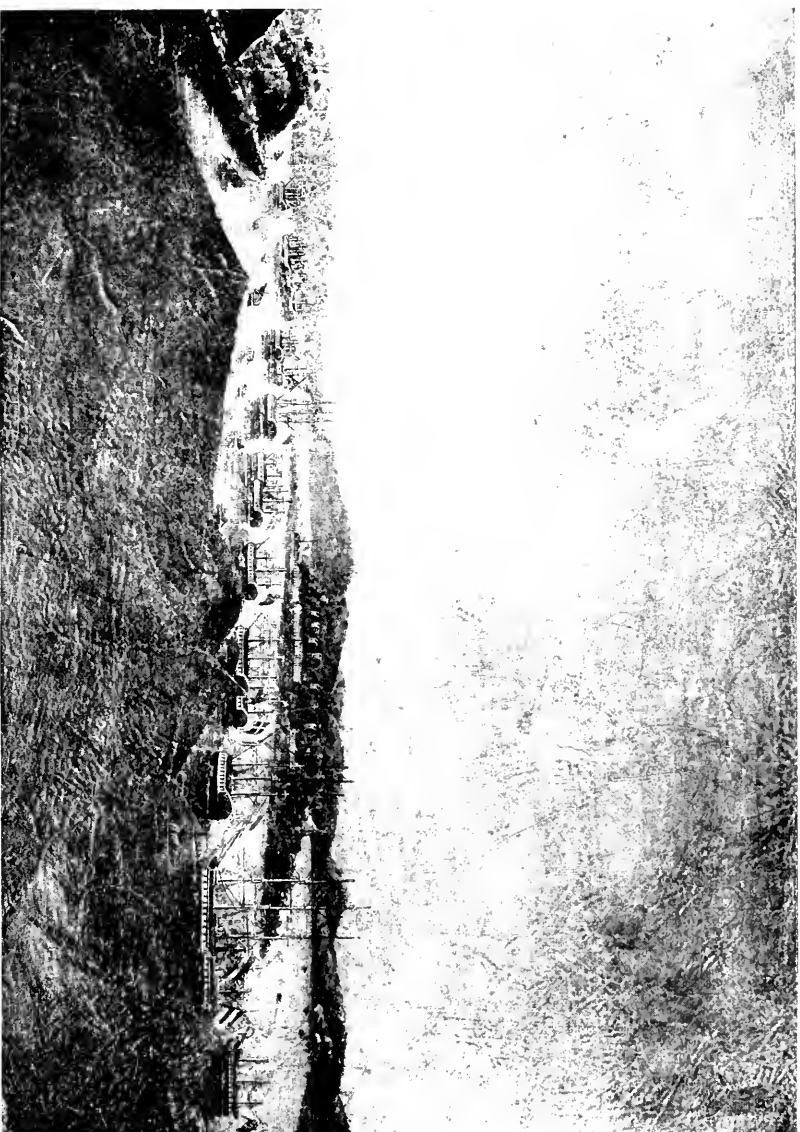
OLD SHIPPING DAYS IN BOSTON

mentioned meeting his friends Benjamin Joy and George Scott, both of Boston.

In 1789 Shaw built and launched in Quincy on the land now owned by the Sailors' Snug Harbour, the "Massachusetts," which was the largest merchant vessel that had ever been built in the United States up to this time and was the first of the American West Indiamen. The launching was attended by many people and was of national importance. Amasa Delano, a well-known name in Boston and New York shipping, was her mate, Job Prince acting as captain. Just before sailing, Moll Pitcher of Lynn, the celebrated soothsayer, prophesied that the "Massachusetts" would be an unlucky ship. The crew immediately deserted, likewise a second crew, the third one finally going to sea. Her voyage to China with Shaw on board was a failure, as her planking was made of such green wood that it rotted and spoiled her cargo of meat. Curious to say, she carried no chronometer, and it is wonderful that she ever reached her destination. The vessel was sold at Canton. Major Shaw, who was principal owner, died on the voyage home at the age of only thirty-nine. Two years before he married the daughter of William Phillips, who died many years later at Dedham. Major Shaw adopted the two sons of his brother when they were left orphans, and one of them was the grandfather of Colonel Robert Gould Shaw, the famous leader of the colored regiment in the Civil War. Josiah Quincy, who edited his memoirs, said of Major Shaw, "I have never known an individual of a character more elevated and chivalric, acting according to a purer standard of morals, imbued with a higher sense of honor, and uniting more intimately the qualities of the gentleman, the soldier, the scholar, and the Christian." He was an excellent man to represent us in a new country and certainly deserves a prominent place in our maritime history.

Fourteen years after Major Shaw's last voyage to China, Colonel Thomas Handasyd Perkins, one of Boston's foremost merchants and head of the Boston house of J. & T. H. Perkins, founded the house of Perkins & Co. in China, the second largest American firm in that country. The house of Perkins & Co. had a successful career, being merged in 1824 with Russell & Co. Many prominent men have been connected with this house, and owe their success and fortunes to this first voyage to the East. Colonel Perkins in his youth was employed by the Messrs. Shattuck, one of the most active firms of merchants in Boston at one time. In 1789 he first turned his attention to China, going out as supercargo in the "Astraea," which was owned by Elias Hasket Derby, often called the King of Salem Merchants. The "Astraea," a few years later, was the first vessel to carry our flag to Manila. The firm of J. & T. H. Perkins fitted out its ships at Central Wharf.

Just after the fall of Robespierre, Colonel Perkins witnessed the guillotining of the revolutionary Attorney-general Tinville and his



From an old painting

WHAMPOA, IN THE CANTON RIVER

Courtesy of the Bostonian Society

OLD SHIPPING DAYS IN BOSTON

jury, sixteen persons being beheaded in the short space of twelve minutes. While in Paris, at the suggestion of President Monroe, he arranged for the transportation to America of George Washington Lafayette, on a ship commanded by Captain Thomas Sturgis, a brother of Russell Sturgis, who married the Colonel's daughter. Young Lafayette lived with General Washington in Mount Vernon for one year, and when Colonel Perkins returned home he was asked to visit Washington and receive the General's thanks for the help he had rendered the young Frenchman. In the room where Colonel Perkins slept was a picture of Lafayette, and in the main hall was the key of the Bastille. As a testimonial of President Washington's admiration of Colonel Perkins, he offered him the Secretaryship of the Navy. The latter politely refused the position, saying that he owned a larger fleet of vessels than the United States Navy possessed and believed he could do more good by continuing to manage his own property. It was Colonel Perkins who jokingly used to remark to his young nephew, R. B. Forbes, while helping him to pudding, that he wouldn't get any half as good off the Cape of Good Hope. This prediction came true, for the latter not long afterwards entered his uncle's counting house in Boston and then sailed some of the firm's ships.

The Perkins family lived in Pearl Street, but later moved to Temple Place, building the house which is now occupied by the Provident Institution for Savings. Near by, too, lived his daughter, Mrs. Thomas G. Cary, William H. Gardiner, and his son-in-law Samuel Cabot. It is said that the Perkins's house had a front door, made of oak cut from one of our celebrated war ships, which closed with a great thud that could be heard by all the neighbors. Temple Place in those days was called "The Court" as it was closed on the Washington Street end, and here the boys of "The Court" played baseball, while the sisters, cousins, and friends looked on and applauded. The letters of Mrs. R. B. Forbes mention some of those who took part in these games: Charles Gardiner; John, Robert, and Thomas Cushing; George and Stanton Whitney; Richard Cary, Louis Cabot, and many others.

The story of Colonel Perkins's death best illustrates the great strength of character that made him so successful in his business, most of which was conducted with China. When he was dying his sister begged him to leave his chair and go to his bed, to which he replied with decision, "Certainly not; I have always proposed to die dressed and sitting in my chair." And he did! During the funeral services the merchants of Boston closed their offices, a recognition shown to few others; also the bells of the city were tolled for one hour, and the scores of vessels in the harbour displayed their colors at half mast. During the burial services the children of the choir from the Perkins Institution for the Blind, which had been founded chiefly through his generosity, sang a requiem.

At one time during his life he and his son and his grandson, all of the same name, made a trip to Europe together. In some later



COLONEL THOMAS HANDASYD PERKINS

One of the most important merchants of Boston, and partner of the firm of Perkins & Co., well known in the China trade. From a print secured through the courtesy of Mrs. Charles E. Perkins.



SAMUEL RUSSELL OF MIDDLETOWN, CONN., FOUNDER OF THE FIRM OF RUSSELL & CO. IN CHINA

From a painting by a Chinese artist about 1828. Obtained through the courtesy of Samuel Russell, Esq., of Middletown. Colonel Perkins and Samuel Russell were the heads of the two largest and most successful American houses in the East.

OLD SHIPPING DAYS IN BOSTON



From a photograph

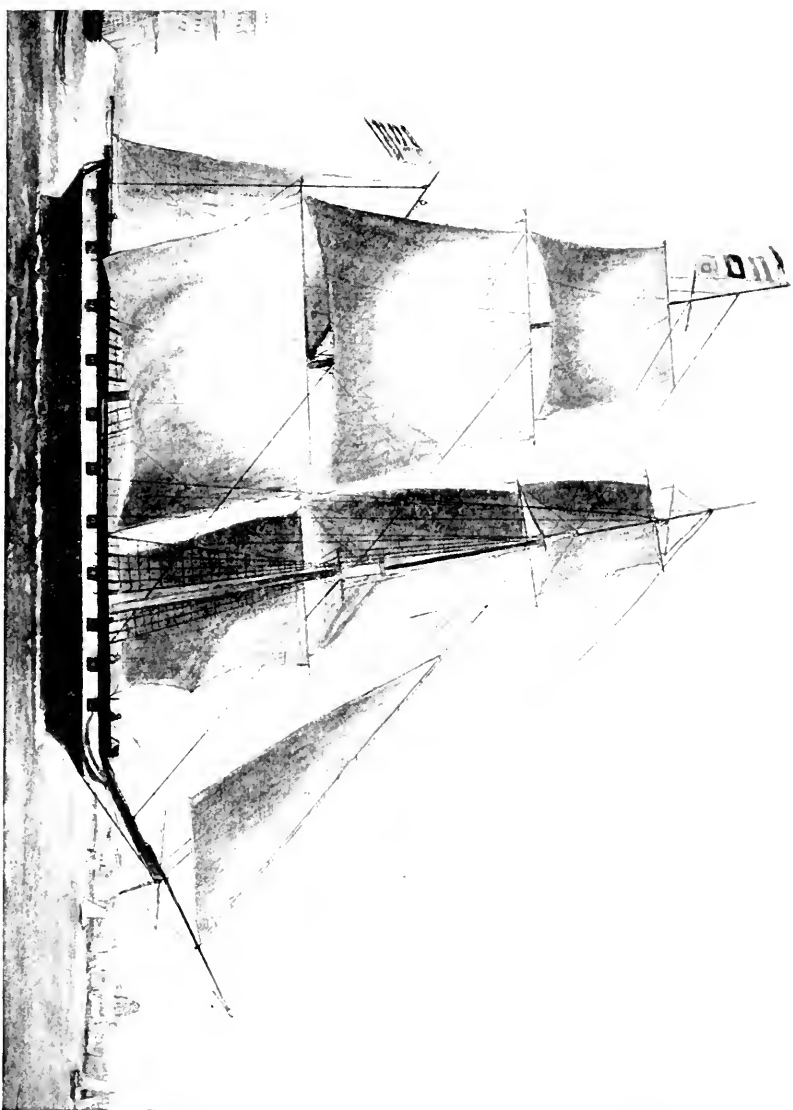
Courtesy of a member of Russell & Co., now living in Boston

OFFICES OF RUSSELL & CO. IN SHANGHAI ABOUT 1867

On the ground floor of the building in the foreground were the offices of the Chinese Comprador and his assistants, on the second floor were the general business offices, and on the top floor were the bedrooms and parlors of the clerks. The next building was the residence of the partners of the firm. The "Go-downs" or warehouses stood on the left, with large rooms for the Tea Taster and Silk Inspector. The premises were surrounded by a high wall with two entrances in charge of porters. The river ran in front of the buildings and there the vessels anchored to load or discharge their cargoes.

pamphlet more will be said of the two younger Perkinses, and also of Augustine Heard, the head at one time of an important American house in the East.

The most important American firm east of the Cape of Good Hope was Russell & Co., which was established at Canton on January 1, 1824. This house was usually referred to as Kee Cheong by the Chinese, who had their own name for every foreign firm owing to their inability to pronounce correctly the English and other names. Canton was then the only port in China open to foreigners, but later eight other branches were established at Hong Kong, Foochow, Shanghai, and other places. The partners of this house included many well-known New York, Connecticut, and Massachusetts names, among the latter such men as Augustine Heard of Ipswich, W. H. and A. A. Low both of Salem, Thomas T., John M., R. B., James M., and F. B. Forbes, all of Boston, Warren and Edward Delano of Fair-



"ANTELOPE," ONE OF RUSSELL & CO'S MOST CELEBRATED CLIPPERS, SAILED BY
CAPTAIN PHILIP DONARESO

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haven, Russell Sturgis, Joseph Coolidge, Robert Shaw Sturgis, Edward Cunningham, George Tyson, H. S. Grew, W. H. Foster, Jr., E. D. Barbour, Walter Scott Fitz, and David O. Clark, also of Boston, E. W. Stevens of Lawrence, and F. Delano Hitch of Fairhaven. These men ploughed distant seas in their New England-built ships, and transacted business with every port of the world, and while in China practically lived in exile for many years at a time.

The firm was founded by Samuel Russell, whose picture is on page 15. Mr. Russell went out to China from Middletown, Connecticut, in 1818 as representative of B. & T. C. Hoppin of Providence. In five years he and Philip Amidon, who represented Brown & Ives also of Providence, formed the partnership of Russell & Co. Five years later Mr. J. P. Cushing, who was placed in charge of the house of Perkins & Co. of China at the age of 16, effected a consolidation of these two great firms, John M. Forbes, Augustine Heard, and W. A. Low being taken into partnership. Russell & Co. expanded its business and soon became the most powerful American house in the East, having connections in London with Baring Bros. & Co. and the Rothschilds in France; in India with Jamsetjee, Jejeebhoy & Sons; and in Boston at different times with J. and T. H. Perkins, Bryant and Sturgis, W. Appleton & Co., and Robert G. Shaw.

The offices of Russell & Co. were in the centre of the row of "Honges" as shown in the picture on page 20.

Shewan Tomes & Co. became the successors of Russell & Co. occupying the same old offices. Upon the walls can still be seen the pictures of some of the famous ships that belonged to the firm; even the linen now used by the new firm bears the inscription "R. & Co."; and the same "Kee Cheong" blue and white flag, that has sailed over so many seas, still flies over the building.

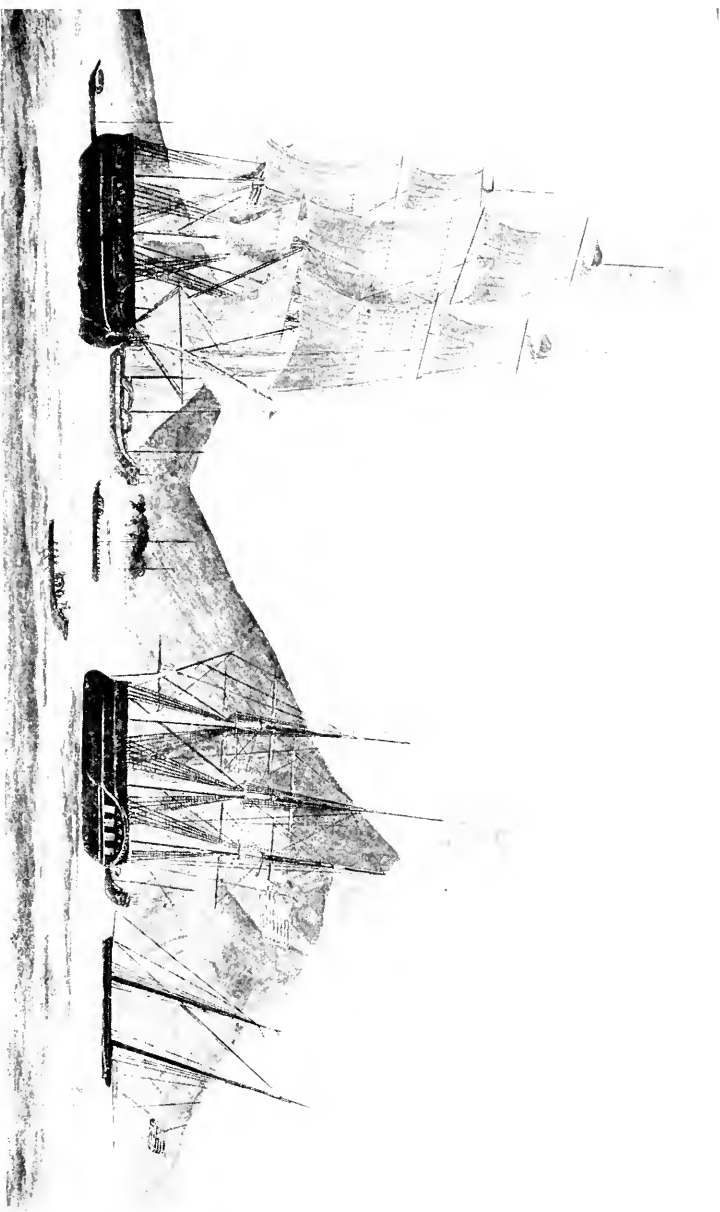
O fair she was to look on, as some spirit of the sea,
When she raced from China, homeward, with her freight of fragrant tea,
And the shining swift bonito of the wide-winged albatross
Claimed kinship with the clipper beneath the Southern Cross.

Close hauled, with shortened canvas, swift and plunging she could sweep
Through the gale that rose to bar her wild pathway on the deep;
And before the gale blew over, half her drenched and driven crew,
To the tune of "Reuben Ranzo," hoisted topsail yards anew.

From the haven of the present she has cleared and slipped away,
Loaded deep and running free for the port of yesterday,
And the cargo that she carried, ah! it was not China tea.
She took with her all the glamour and romance of life at sea.

K. Tardif.

Every American who has ever been a merchant in China speaks with great affection of his life there, and regrets that the old days have gone by. The same life goes on, however, although conditions are



From a painting

RUSSELL & CO'S "LEVANT" AND "MILO" OFF LINTIN STATION, WHAMPOA, CHINA, TWELVE MILES
BELOW CANTON

Courtesy of the Peabody Museum, Salem

A captain was stationed here on shipboard, and had charge of the loading and unloading of the cargoes. Vessels could not sail farther up the Canton River.



VIEW OF SOME OF THE "HONGS" IN CANTON, CHINA, IN 1840

Here the foreign merchants lived and transacted their business. Russell & Co.'s offices are in the centre of the picture.

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considerably changed. Many of the old buildings are still standing, but the business is transacted by a large number of small firms instead of by a few large ones, and the profits are much smaller than formerly, owing to increased competition, quicker voyages, and the introduction of the steamship and the cable.

It may be interesting to picture an American vessel arriving in China in the days of the famous tea clippers. The Yankee ships were noted for their smart appearance as may be seen by the following chanty:

"A Yankee ship comes down the river,
Blow, boys, blow!
Her masts and yards they shine like silver,
Blow, my bully boys, blow!"

The first calling place was at Lintin Island, near Hong Kong, unless by chance the ship stopped for a short time at the old Portuguese settlement of Macao, near the mouth of the Canton River. At Whampoa twelve miles up the Canton River the ship was measured, after which the officials were given a lunch, departing amid salutes of gongs and fireworks. As there were usually several ships to be measured, the day became a holiday. At this port the goods were transferred into lighters and brought up the river to Canton, where they were stored in the "go-downs" or warehouses belonging to the "Hong," meaning either the business house of one merchant or several mercantile establishments with their servants, etc. At Hong Kong, Foochow, and Shanghai, however, the vessels anchored off the house. In the "Hong," the firm lived and had its offices, each individual "Hong" being called a "factory." The "Taipan," or head of the "Hong," usually lived outside, but all the rest of the members and their wives (when women were allowed there) resided and had their meals under the same roof, living as one large establishment. Each "factory" kept open house for the reason that there were no hotels nearby in those days, and when by chance any one dined out it was customary to take one's servant along too in order to enable his master to obtain such food and tit-bits as he happened especially to like.

Women in the early days were not allowed in these "factories," and it was a well-known fact that the painter of one of Houqua's pictures, a Mr. Chinnery, actually took refuge here in order to avoid his wife. He was in constant terror when for some reason he was obliged to leave his new home on temporary business, and on these occasions his friends increased his anxiety by continually reporting to him that Mrs. Chinnery was believed to be on her way out there to look him up. He would at once dash home to his "factory" which was the only place in the world in which he felt really safe. Some of the wives of English and American captains and supercargoes invaded some of the "Hong" in 1830 to the horror of the Chinese officials, who believed the "Son of Heaven" would withdraw his "serene compassion" if the "she foreign devils" were not immediately dismissed. The wife of W. H. Low once visited the American factory, whereupon "several

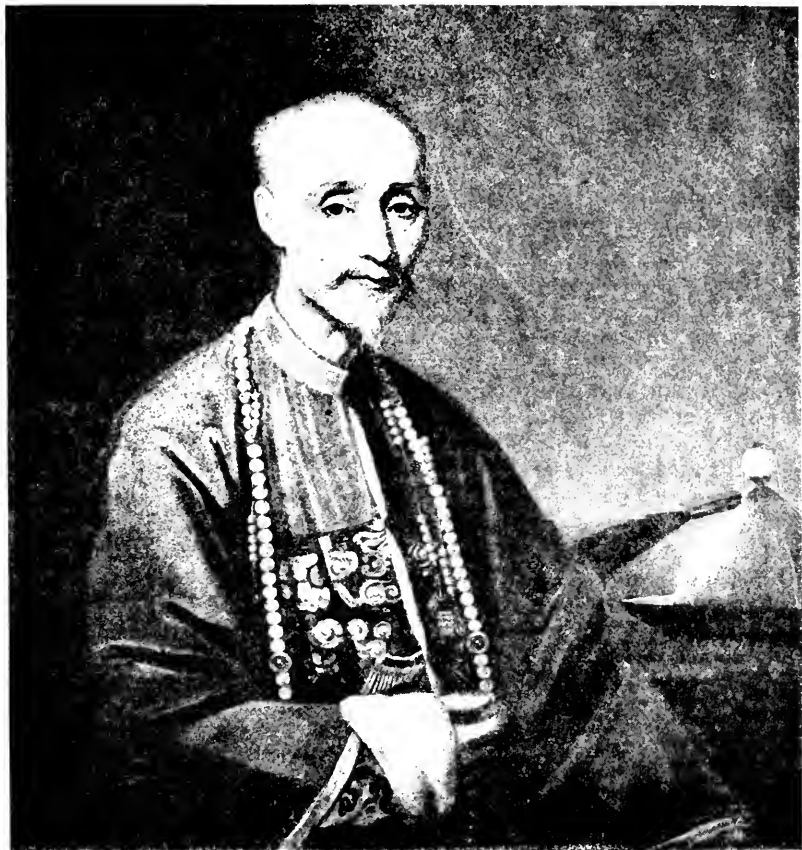
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old codgers were seen in immense coats, which had been stowed away in camphor trunks for ten or fifteen years, and with huge cravats on, and what once were gloves, on their way to make calls." The women in later years spent the hot weather in Japan or on a mountain called "The Peak" near Hong Kong.

Since 1860 the "Hong" of the different nations at Canton have been situated on an island called Shameen, in the Canton River. Around this island ran a "Bund" or paved walk. Since the French-English war against China in 1860 this valuable tract of land has belonged one-third to the French and two-thirds to the English. Each firm doing business on Shameen had its "comprador" through whom all transactions with any Chinese were carried on. This official had his offices in the "Hong" with which he was connected, and guaranteed all transactions with that firm; in short, he was their credit man. The objects in having this sponsor were two-fold; it was necessary to have some one who could understand Chinese perfectly and who also at the same time was familiar with, and could vouch for, the Chinese merchants.

When the cargoes, which usually consisted of cotton goods, opium, quicksilver, lumber, and ginseng were sold and the vessel loaded with tea, silk, and matting, the members of the firm at Shanghai had little to do until the next vessel arrived and would therefore take a short vacation by going up river on a hunting trip. Here was to be found good snipe and pigeon shooting, and in the earlier days pheasants were numerous. The trip was made in houseboats, or square scows, which were elaborately fitted up, and which were propelled by six or eight almost naked Chinese, who worked in shifts the tread-mill that turned a paddle wheel at the stern. Many Chinese servants were taken along, and the food and wine were of the best. Each "Hong" had its houseboat and often on a Saturday afternoon six or eight of these craft would start up the river to spend Sunday. It is related that Mr. Edward Cunningham of Russell & Co. was once in the rice fields shooting when news was brought to him that one of the firm's ships was sighted coming up the river. He dropped his gun and ran for a great part of a day in order to get to his offices before the ship arrived. The chief amusements of the "Fankwaes," a word applied by the Chinese to foreigners, were tennis, rowing, regattas on the Canton River, race meetings for horses and ponies at Hong Kong, Foochow, or Shanghai, and yacht racing. A member of Russell & Co., in joking about the small value that a Chinaman placed on his life, used to say that in these races it was customary to carry Chinamen as ballast, and if the wind dropped they were given a few "cash" and told to swim ashore.

Life in the early days however was rather dull, as foreigners were not allowed to leave Shameen Island. Besides this, not a letter or a newspaper that had just arrived on a ship from home was ever delivered until she had bought her return cargo, as the success of the voyage depended upon keeping secret all the details of the home market. As a result it often happened that the foreigners at Canton



"HOUQUA," THE WELL-KNOWN "HONG" MERCHANT AT CANTON

From a painting in the possession of one of the partners of Russell & Co., now living in Boston.

had to wait six weeks before receiving letters that they were almost sure had come by the last ship.

Every foreigner had his nickname among the Chinese, and often the same word, for instance, that meant to the foreigner "fine fellow," by changing the intonation very slightly would mean to the Chinese "damn fool," or something equally unflattering. It can easily be seen how careful a newcomer had to be.

The most celebrated Hong merchant at Canton was Houqua, and through him all of Russell & Co.'s business in that city was transacted. He also acted for Perkins & Co. besides having many transactions .

direct with the United States, and was always a warm friend of the Americans. While discussing Houqua's honesty one evening at the house of Russell Sturgis, then head of Baring Bros., it was claimed that no written agreements or writings of any kind had ever passed between him and the American firms for whom he acted. Mr. Sturgis went upstairs and brought down a small piece of paper about four inches long by three-quarters of an inch wide, upon which were written the words "Forty thousand dollars, Houqua." Mr. Sturgis made the statement that this was the only agreement to his knowledge that had ever been found in relation to any transactions between them. An example of Houqua's kindness was shown when an American merchant called Gideon Nye, after a long residence in China, was anxious to go home to the States. He owed the Chinaman, however, \$72,000, and felt that he couldn't leave without first paying this debt. The generous "comprador," hearing of this situation, promptly went to him and said, "You and I are No. 1 ole flen [old friends]; you belong honest man, only no got chance." He then proceeded to tear up the note, adding in his pigeon English: "Alla finishee; you go, you please. Wish you good luck America." No wonder that this extraordinary Chinaman has gone down to posterity, and that he has been remembered by the large number of Boston families with whom he had so many business transactions.

Houqua's integrity was again shown when a Canton "comprador" proved dishonest and was found \$50,000 short in his account with Russell & Co. Although his word was the only surety bond, he sent a check for the full amount on that same evening to the American firm.

Houqua was rather a serious man, and according to Mr. William C. Hunter, who was a partner of Russell & Co., and who wrote several books on China, was known to have perpetrated only one joke in his entire life. A merchant called upon him, and referring to the expected English expedition, remarked that foreigners now would be able to see the Emperor at Peking. Houqua replied, "'Spouse Englishmen go Peking, Emperor go 'Shan-Si'" (Shan't See), which was the province adjoining. This remark seemed to please the Oriental exceedingly.

Houqua in 1830 was supposed to be worth over \$26,000,000, which fortune on his death in 1843 was administered by his two sons, who carried on their father's business. The family is still one of the richest in China, although no longer in trade. Houqua at one time owned nearly all the foreign "Hong" on Shameen Island, leasing them to the different foreign firms; his own estate was one of the largest in Canton, with many acres of gardens, containing fish ponds, bridges, and temples.

A writer in speaking of Houqua said that "his character left its mark upon the history of Chinese commerce during the half century he was so eminently at its head."

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"I located my Bethel in North Square because I learned to set my net where the fish ran."

Edward Thompson Taylor, better known as "Father Taylor," lived at a time when the wharves of Boston were crowded with ships getting ready to sail for all parts of the world and when sailors could be seen in all of the streets. He was known as Boston's sailor preacher and was one of the most curious and extraordinary characters of his day. He was a sailor himself. "I came," he said, "from a Spanish man-of-war; never saw Yankee land; was a Southerner, a Virginian, by birth; and the Sea had been my cradle and the Ocean rocked it." A woman from Richmond, Virginia, adopted him. One day when he was seven years old, as he was picking up chips in the back yard, a sea-captain came along. "Want to be a sailor?" he asked. Taylor promptly dropped the chip-basket and, without bidding his foster-mother good-by, departed with the sea-captain to become a sailor. When he was seventeen, he drifted into Boston. He saw a hustling little seaport of perhaps thirty thousand people, and crowded Dock Square with its dingy buildings was not very different from the European ports which he had visited. The principal streets were Hanover Street and Cornhill—now Washington Street. Tremont Street was then a residential section, and Summer Street was "the haunt of retired gentlemen and retiring lovers, who did their soft whisperings and languishing promenades under green shadows." He wandered along Tremont Street and, hearing the bell of Park Street Church, paused. "I put in," he said, "and going to the door saw the port was full. I up helm, unfurled topsail, and made for the gallery; entered safely, doffed hat and pennant and scud under bare poles to the corner pew. There I hove to anchor. . . . The old man, Dr. Griffith, was just naming his text, which was 'But he lied unto him.' Pretty soon he unfurled mainsail, raised the topsail, run up pennants to free breeze, and I tell you the old Gospel ship never sailed more prosperously. The salt spray flew in every direction but the more especially it run down my cheeks. I was melted. . . . I said, 'Why can't I preach so? I'll try it.'"

That was how this Booth of the Boston pulpit began his preaching career that made the Boston Seamen's Bethel world-famous and that brought to its congregations many famous persons, among them Charles Dickens, Jenny Lind, and Walt Whitman. Here the man who had been a sailor himself, and knew the temptations and hardships of the life, fought the battles of sailors the world over.

Young Taylor's preaching career did not begin immediately after he visited Park Street Church. At that time he could not even read, so he decided to go back to the sea, this time sailing in the "Black Hawk," a privateer. He was captured by a British man-of-war, taken to Melville Island and from there to Dartmoor prison, where he was confined for some time. In 1814 he was back in New England

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From a print, in "Life of Father Taylor"

Courtesy of the Boston Port and Seamen's Aid Society

SEAMEN'S BETHEL (AS IT USED TO BE), NORTH SQUARE, BOSTON

This interesting chapel is now the Sacred Heart Italian church, and sermons are still preached in it.

again, peddling tin and iron ware in a handcart, and buying rags. He farmed a little, also, and every Sunday preached. It was about this time, or shortly afterwards, that he began his ministry at the "Old Rock Schoolhouse" in Saugus. He kept up peddling and circuit preaching for four or five years, and his facility in preaching aroused the interest of the Rev. George Pickering, who was influential in securing financial aid to send Taylor to school. Mrs. Pickering

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describes the young man in this way: "When E. T. Taylor first came to our house, he was buying up old junk. He had on a tarpaulin hat and a sailor dress. He would then deliver the most wonderful and unique exhortations ever heard and, if he failed to know a word, would manufacture one admirably suited to the necessity."

He was soon converted, describing his experience in the following words: "I was dragged through the lubber-hole [he entered church by the window], brought down by a broadside from the '74' [Elijah Hedding, the preacher], and fell into the arms of Thomas W. Tucker [the man who urged him to be converted]." Taylor wore at the time his usual costume, consisting of a tarpaulin hat and sailor jacket.

The Seamen's Bethel was built in 1833 and for more than forty years he trod its quarter deck, as he himself expressed it, and made his name and that of the Bethel known even to foreign lands. R. H. Dana, Jr. in "Two Years Before the Mast" said that the first inquiry on arriving from a distant land was for Father Taylor and his chapel. A large blue and white flag with the letters "B E T H E L" on it floated from the low spire. Several sailors, while endeavoring to find the little church, noticed by chance these letters on the flag, and one of them, spelling B E T for "beat" and H E L for "hell," said: "Here we are, Jack, come along, this is where the old man beats hell. Let's go right in and cast anchor." And they did, and Father Taylor from the prow of his "vessel" doubtless beckoned them to their seats, as was his custom, although on some occasions sailors acted as ushers. Here came sailors, mates, and captains of all ages, and often they were accompanied by their wives and families.

The sailor preacher was most original, and often he would pick out a "tar" in the church and, catching his eye, would remark: "Ah! here you are again, God bless you! See to your helm and you will reach a fairer port bye and bye." Once, noticing a man with a swallow-tail coat walking down the aisle, he shouted out, "Steward, stow that man with a gaff topsail jacket under the wing and stow sailors under the hatches [meaning in the main part of the church]!" During one service he noticed an old sailor in a corner of the church and shouted out the encouraging remarks: "And you, my aged brother, you'll soon go. There are but few cords to keep you here; the last tie will soon be cut. God speed you, brother,—you'll be safe moored soon." Some one compared him to a "veteran commander peering over the bow of his ship to watch the coming of a hostile fleet." His whole life was devoted to the sailor, and often his prayer was that "Bacchus and Venus might be driven to the ends of the earth and off of it." He was so earnest and convincing when preaching that it is related of him that while vividly describing a sinful soul drifting towards shipwreck a sailor in the congregation, forgetting where he was, cried out, "Let go your best bower anchor or you're lost!" Another sailor visited one of the other chapels in Boston which had its pulpit on one side. This was not at all to his liking so he left hurriedly, ejaculating that he would have nothing

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to do with a ship that hung its rudder amidships. The Bethel was arranged to please the sailor and, to produce a more realistic effect, Father Taylor had a painting hung behind the pulpit showing a ship in a stiff breeze off a lee shore.

Once when in the midst of an eloquent sermon, one of his congregation rose from his seat and started to walk down the broad aisle. Father Taylor stopped short and said, "Sh! Sh! Keep still all of you and don't disturb that man walking out." Another time, he observed a woman whispering. Scowling at her, he called out, "If that lady on the third row, sitting in the end seat, with a yellow bonnet, don't stop whispering, I'll point her out!"

Father Taylor preached in many towns on the Cape and attended many camp-meetings there as well. He once visited Duxbury and called on the only minister of the town, a Dr. Allen, and suggested that he would like a chance to preach there. Dr. Allen protested, whereupon Father Taylor asked him if the Bible didn't tell us to preach the gospel everywhere. "Yes," said the Duxbury minister, "but it doesn't say that every 'creetur' can preach the gospel." Father Taylor was obliged to look elsewhere for an audience. On another occasion while attending one of his camp-meetings some one asked him if a certain person were a Christian. "Not exactly," was the reply, "but he's a very sweet sinner."

During the Irish famine in 1847, when the "Jamestown" and "Macedonian" went over from Boston with provisions to the starving Irish, Father Taylor sailed on the latter vessel as chaplain and supercargo. Colonel Thomas H. Perkins gave very generously of supplies for these ships. When the expedition returned, an ovation was given at the Bethel for the preacher, and Colonel Perkins was in the audience. To the surprise of the latter, Father Taylor suddenly exclaimed: "Boston's merchant princes!! Do you want to see one of them, boys? There he sits, look at him!" The whole congregation arose and fixed its eyes upon Colonel Perkins while the preacher continued; "God bless you, sir! When you die, angels will fight for the honor of carrying you to heaven on their shoulders."

On one Sunday before a State election, Briggs was a candidate of the Whigs, and Father Taylor, desiring his election, offered this prayer: "O Lord, give us good men to rule over us, just men, temperance men, Christian men, men who fear Thee, who obey Thy commandments, men who—but, O Lord, what's the use of veering and hauling and pointing all 'round the compass? Give us George N. Briggs for Governor!" His prayer was answered on the following day.

According to Captain John Codman, one of his typical sermons ran somewhat as follows: "You are buried down in the lower hold among the ballast and you can't get out for there is a ton of sin on the main hatch. You shin up the stanchions and try to get it open but you can't. You get your hand spikes, capstan bars and watch tackles but they are no good. You hail all the saints you think are on deck but they can't help you. At last you hail Jesus Christ. All he wanted

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was to be asked. He just claps his shoulder to that ton of sin, it rolls off and then he says, "Shipmates, come out!" Well, if you don't come out, it is all your own fault." He was certainly, as Captain Codman expressed it, "the sailors' friend." Father Taylor was noted for his frankness. Once he invited a friend of his to preach and when the sermon was finished he rose and said, "If your text had the small-pox, your sermon never would have caught it." The preacher was dumfounded, but was placated by the flattering remarks that followed.

He was married to Deborah D. Millett of Marblehead one day after the appointed date for the wedding. He went out to Hingham and climbed to a hilltop in order to get a view of the town where on the next day he was to be married. He was talking to himself, as he often did, when some one asked him why he did so. His answer was that he liked to talk to a sensible man. Suddenly the awful thought came to him that it was his wedding day and he was a long way from Marblehead, especially as in those days there was no telegraph, telephone, or even a railroad train. He was unable to explain to his bride until the next morning, when his forgetfulness was forgiven.

During the Cochituate water celebration and the dedication of the Franklin statue, Father Taylor sailed in a ship drawn through the streets, with a crew in uniform on board arranging the yards at the command of the venerable "admiral."

During the latter part of his life he was talking over old times with a fellow-minister. "We didn't mince matters, did we, in those days?" he said. "If we couldn't lift up the sinner in any other way we just lifted the door a little and let him smell hell, didn't we?"

When Father Taylor was nearing his death, a visitor asked him how he was, to which he sadly replied that he was "sailing by the head." A few hours later he said: "The old hull's breaking up; it has taken a good deal to break her but she's going. I feel her start through all her timbers when those fits come on." He went out with the tide, as one writer expressed it, and as he was dying he doubled his fist at his nurse because she wanted him to die in a different position from that in which he insisted on dying. His wish was to be buried in the deep sea where the seaweed could be his winding sheet, but this desire was not carried out for he lies in Mount Hope Cemetery. A long procession followed him to his last resting-place.

Walt Whitman, who visited the Bethel, was much struck with this very original preacher, and wrote of him, "I repeat, and would dwell upon it, (more as a suggestion than mere fact)—among all the brilliant lights of bar or stage I have heard in my time—for years in New York and other cities I haunted the courts to witness notable trials and have heard all the famous actors and actresses that have been in America the past fifty years—though I recall marvellous effects from one or other of them, I never had anything in the way of vocal utterance to shake me through and through and become fixed, with its accompaniments, in my memory, like these prayers and sermons—like Father Taylor's personal electricity and the whole scene there—the prone ship in the gale, the dashing wave and foam for background

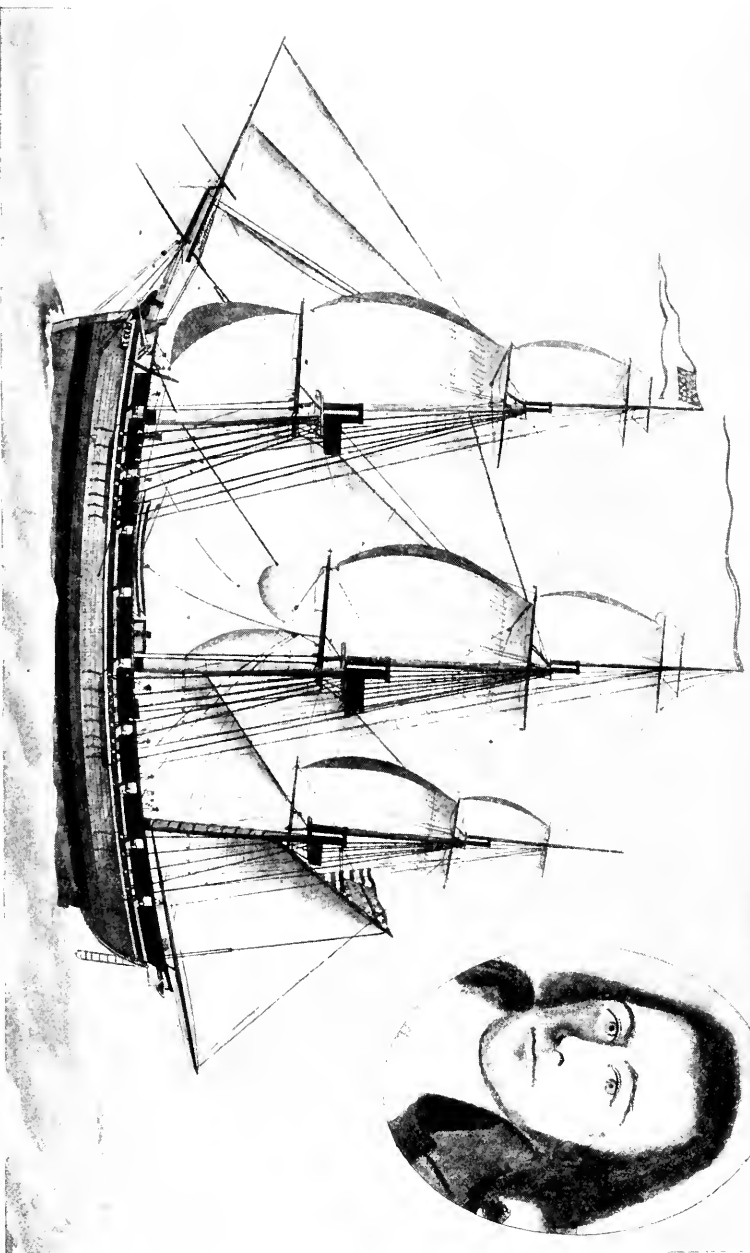
OLD SHIPPING DAYS IN BOSTON

—in the little old sea-church in Boston, those summer Sundays just before the Secession War broke out.”

Father Taylor was kind to every one and everything—even to the little fish which he threw back into the sea with the remark, “There, little fellow, go and tell your grandmother that you have seen a ghost!”

The Japanese a hundred years or more ago condescended to do business with no foreigners except the Dutch, who were allowed to send one or two ships a year from Batavia to Japan provided they would submit to certain regulations which were most humiliating. The Dutch merchants who wanted to trade there were restricted to a small island in Nagasaki harbour, and could leave it only once in four years, when presents were taken to the Shogun at Yeddo. The envoys then had to amuse the Court by dancing, jumping, representing a drunken man, speaking broken Japanese, and singing, in fact they had to behave as foolishly as possible for the delight of their audience. It was during this period of curious customs that the ship “Franklin” of Boston, commanded by Captain James Devereux of Salem, sailed into the harbour of Nagasaki, under charter to the Dutch East India Company, the first American vessel to be received there. At this time, in the year 1799, Japan was hardly known to the outside world. The log of the “Franklin” shows the curious customs that had to be observed by the foreign vessels, according to instructions given to the ship captain by the East India Company. On arriving it was necessary to dress ship; to prepare a table on the quarter deck and two cushions for the officers to sit upon when they came aboard; all the books, especially religious works, had to be placed in casks, sealed up and taken ashore, where they had to be kept until the departure of the vessel; on passing the Cavalles on the starboard side a salute of nine guns must be fired, and at Papenburg a similar salute, with more salutes as the ship proceeded to its anchorage; the officers also had to be saluted when they came aboard, and many other ceremonies had to be carefully observed. According to Captain Devereux’s log he was able to satisfy the Japanese in every way, and after a four months’ stay, sailed for Boston with such a huge cargo of coffee, sugar, and spices that even the officers were crowded out of their rooms on to the deck where temporary cabins were erected. The voyage to Japan had been such a great success that the “Massachusetts,” owned by Colonel Perkins, already spoken of, and the “Margaret” of Salem, under Captain Samuel Derby, made voyages to this distant land during the next few years. Many a Salem mansion contains souvenirs of the “Franklin’s” voyage, such as trays, boxes of fans, mats, tables, and screens. It was not until 1853 that Commodore Perry made his memorable trip to Japan.

In 1801 another Salem ship, the “Lydia,” first flew the American flag at Guam, which is now owned by the United States. In connec-



from an old print

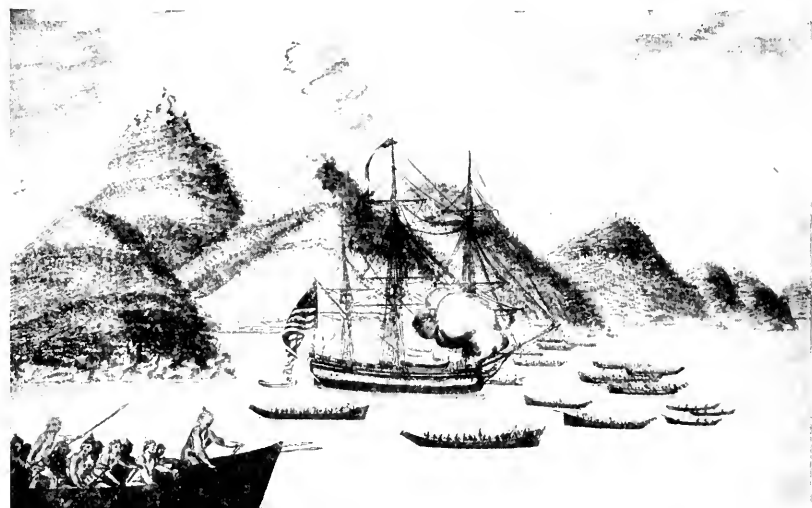
THE "FRANKLIN" OF BOSTON, THE FIRST VESSEL TO OPEN TRADE WITH JAPAN, AND HER CAPTAIN,
JAMES DEVEREUX OF SALEM

Courtesy of William C. Waters, Esq., Salem



CAPTAIN GRAY OF THE SHIP "COLUMBIA" DISCUSSING WITH A FRIEND
AT WHAMPOA THE EXPEDITION TO THE COLUMBIA RIVER IN 1790

This drawing was made by George Davidson of Charlestown, who in 1790 shipped on the "Columbia" as ship's painter and who was a member of the ship's company when the Columbia River was named on May 19 1792. Reproduced by courtesy of the Bostonian Society.



CAPTAIN GRAY FIRING ON NATIVES TO KEEP THEM FROM BOARDING
THE "COLUMBIA" IN THE STRAITS OF JUAN DE FUCA

The original drawing was also made by George Davidson. By courtesy of the Bostonian Society.

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tion with Guam, an amusing story, though recent, is told of its capture by the United States cruiser "Charleston" in our war with Spain. The Governor of Guam was one afternoon awakened from his nap by the booming of guns from the Yankee man-of-war, and with great politeness sent word to the Commodore that he regretted exceedingly that he couldn't return the salute because he had no powder. To his surprise the Yankee informed the Spaniard that the island had fallen into the hands of Uncle Sam, who has continued to use it ever since as a naval station. Guam is one of the "Ladrones" group of islands. It may be interesting to relate how this name happened to be given. When Guam was first discovered by Magellan in 1521 the natives stole one of the boats belonging to the Spaniards, who at once bestowed upon the new possession the name "Ladrones," which means "thieves."

The little ship "Columbia" of Boston, only eighty-three feet long, was the first American vessel to circumnavigate the globe, and a few years later was also the first to visit our Northwest Coast. This last voyage was perhaps the most famous one ever undertaken by an American merchant ship, and its consequences were everlasting. A young American seaman first called attention to the importance of the fur trade of the Northwest. He endeavored to influence English and New York merchants, but with no success until he reached Boston, where he succeeded in interesting six men: Joseph Boswell, a recent graduate of Harvard; Bulfinch, the architect; Captain John Derby of Salem; Samuel Brown; Captain Crowell Hatch of Cambridge; and J. W. Pintard of New York. These six enterprising merchants subscribed \$50,000, which was a very large sum in those days.

The little "Columbia," which was built on the North River in Scituate, where over a thousand seagoing ships have been launched, was selected for the long voyage, and as her consort an even smaller craft, a ship of ninety tons, called the "Lady Washington," was chosen. The commander of the "Columbia" was John Kendrick of Wareham, the captain of the other vessel being Robert Gray of Boston. To the latter was really due the success of the expedition. The State and Federal Governments were especially interested in the undertaking, and many special medals were struck off and distributed at the ports where the vessels touched. Hundreds of these medals were later found among the Spaniards in South America, throughout the Sandwich Islands, and Oregon. The two vessels sailed from Boston on September 30, 1787, amid a tremendous demonstration. They encountered heavy gales off Cape Horn, and only the determination of Kendrick and Gray enabled them to reach their destination. The smaller of the two, the "Lady Washington," arrived first, and while waiting, Captain Gray and his brave crew were attacked by the Indians, and some of his men killed. This place was therefore

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named "Murderers' Harbour." The "Columbia" arrived a week later, her crew suffering frightfully from scurvy, the voyage having consumed one whole year. The cargo of hardware, tools, toys, beads, etc., brought from Boston was gradually exchanged during the long winter for furs, which were taken to Canton, the two captains then exchanging commands. The proceeds of the skins were used to purchase tea, which was brought back to Boston.

It was in August of 1790 that the "Columbia" reached this port, having carried the American flag for the first time around the world. This feat was so much appreciated that both the town artillery and the Castle fired salutes, and Governor Hancock gave a dinner to Captain Gray, his officers, and owners of the vessel. Attoo, a young Hawaiian prince, returned with the adventurers, having gone on board at the Hawaiian Islands. He marched up State Street with Captain Gray, wearing "a helmet of gay feathers, which glittered in the sunlight, and an exquisite cloak of the same yellow and scarlet plumage." This was the first time a member of his tribe had ever been seen in Massachusetts. The voyage, however, was such a failure financially that Derby and Pintard sold out to the four Boston men, who at once began to plan a second expedition, which set sail in the autumn of 1790. The carpenter under Captain Gray was Samuel Yendell, who later helped build the "Constitution," and who was the last survivor of the "Columbia's" crew. Yendell was the great-grandfather of Governor W. E. Russell of Massachusetts. It was on this voyage that Gray discovered the river which he called the "Columbia," after his vessel, naming the headlands at the mouth of the river Captain Hancock and Point Adams. This discovery was of much influence in deciding the claim of our Government to the Oregon country, which included at that time the States of Oregon, Washington and Idaho. Spain, Russia, and Britain all considered they had previously discovered this territory. This voyage was also a financial failure, in spite of the fact that cheers and salutes greeted the explorer when he sailed into Boston Harbour in 1793, and although the "Columbia" had to be sold at auction, she had nevertheless accomplished the opening of what later proved a lucrative trade between Boston and the Northwest.

Boston in 1805 held up its hands with astonishment when Frederic Tudor shipped two or three hundred tons of ice to the West Indies. Dubbed an eccentric person, Mr. Tudor was left to work out his mercantile problems, which he did efficiently although with more drawbacks than the ordinarily successful man has to contend with. He had heard of the ravages made in the West Indies in 1805 by the yellow fever, which swept before it whole towns and cities and thinned the ranks of the officers of European fleets there. Ice would have assuaged the terror had it been available. Mr. Tudor, therefore, during the next winter set about cutting loads of ice from his small pond

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in Saugus. From here he had the ice hauled to Charlestown, where it was loaded on his brig "Favorite" for the island of Martinique. "Crystal blocks of Yankee coldness," was the expression used by one writer to describe the adventure. A Boston newspaper at this time ridiculed the enterprise, stating, "A vessel has cleared at the Custom House for Martinique with a cargo of ice. We hope this will not prove a slippery speculation." "What an absurd notion!" was the comment, and Mr. Tudor's friends one by one lost confidence in him just as did the friends of his famous contemporary, "Lord Timothy Dexter," the well-known shipper of warming-pans. It was with the greatest difficulty even that sailors could be persuaded to sail with the cargo of ice, as they believed it would be sure to melt and swamp the boat.

"The ice trade," Mr. Tudor said in later years, "which I originated in 1805 by the shipment of a single cargo of a hundred and thirty tons, in a brig belonging to myself, to the island of Martinique, excited the derision of the whole town as a mad project; but the ability of transporting it successfully had been fully calculated. The first cargo arrived in a perfect condition." From a financial standpoint the shipment was not a success, but Mr. Tudor had the satisfaction of demonstrating that ice could be carried to a warm climate. He was the ice king of the world up to the year 1836. The laurels, however, that came in later years he may well have viewed with indifference, for the price he paid for them was more than considerable, a part of it being the repayment of a debt of more than \$280,000, which it took him fourteen years to settle. It required twenty-nine years to push his business into the East Indies, and while he was successfully doing this he was called a dreamer for attempting the foolishly impossible. "I proposed it," he said, "but I could not obtain the means until 1833," just twenty-nine years after he had built his first ice-house in the West Indies.

After the War of 1812, the British Government with certain favorable conditions offered Mr. Tudor the monopoly of trade in Jamaica, and Mr. Tudor established ice-houses in Kingston, the commercial capital of the island. Shortly after this, the monopoly of Havana was secured and plans were made to introduce ice into other Cuban ports, the shipments being sent exclusively from Boston. Arrangements to get the ice into domestic ports were begun, and the first cargo for Charleston, South Carolina, was shipped in 1817, ice-houses were built in Savannah in 1818, and in 1820 at New Orleans, which later became the largest consuming city in this country south of Philadelphia.

Mr. Tudor, at the request of the British and American merchants in Calcutta, managed by careful packing to get a small cargo of two hundred tons to that port. The supply was quickly purchased, and a trade was at once begun in Massachusetts ice, which paid well for thirty years. "Indeed," asserts Winthrop L. Marvin, in the "American Merchant Marine," "the ice ships gave Boston a long mastery of the general Calcutta traffic. The originality and audacity of this



From a photograph

FAYAL HARBOUR

Showing the beautiful mountain of Pico in the background

Courtesy of a member of the Dabney family

OLD SHIPPING DAYS IN BOSTON

ice export business were vividly American. No man who was not very sure of himself could have sent such a perishable freight out upon a four or five months' voyage, which involved crossing the fiery equator, doubling Da Gama's stormy Cape, and steering through the furnace heat of the Indian ocean." Thus for many years Boston was enabled to hold the key to the rich and extensive commerce between Calcutta and the United States.

Mr. Tudor had lost in this trade by the opening of 1835 the large sum of \$210,094.20, which he paid with interest in fourteen years. A short time after Mr. Tudor had begun to pay this large sum he lost control of the Havana market through the dishonesty of an agent whom he had raised from unfavorable circumstances and unfortunately had trusted implicitly.

Mr. Tudor's especial hobby was his garden at Nahant. Though his Beacon Street home was luxurious and from it he commanded a fine view of the Common, where the flag he loved so well was furled, still it was at Nahant that he indulged his love for fruits and trees and flowers. Longfellow mentioned seeing him here and being asked to come inside his grounds and see his wheat-field by the sea. Mr. Tudor heard that wheat could not be grown near the sea and with his usual determination decided to make it grow there and succeeded.

Concerning the ice business he said in his diary which is still preserved in the family: "I began this trade in the youthful hopes attendant on the age of twenty-two. I have followed it until I have a head with scarcely a hair that is not white." Again he speaks very discouragingly. "I found myself," he said, "without money and without friends, and with only a cargo of ice in a torrid zone to depend on for the supply of both." Some years later after Mr. Tudor had concluded a bargain in Cuba he wrote humourously, "Thus is the Winter of my discontent made glorious Summer. . . . Drink, Spaniard, and be cool, that I who have suffered so much in the cause may be able to go home and keep myself warm."

From early in the nineteenth century to the end of the eighties, many American-built ships plied between the ports of Boston and Fayal. They were built for Charles W. Dabney, who was one of the three Dabneys who for many years held the post of American consul in the Azores. The ships carried a limited number of first class passengers and a considerably larger number of third class, the cargoes consisting of oranges and Island wines, sent often as presents to friends in Boston, and at certain seasons of the year, thousands of barrels of whale oil which the whale-ships deposited at Fayal to be delivered at New Bedford and other American ports. Sometimes these Fayal vessels were sent to Russia, Smyrna, France, or England, but direct communication between Fayal and Boston was never interrupted. Some of the best known ships were the "Boston," "Swiftsure," "Sarah," "Harbinger," "Io," "Hortense," "Azor,"



From a print

BARK "AZOR," THE MOST POPULAR OF ALL THE FAYAL SHIPS

Courtesy of a member of the Dabney family

OLD SHIPPING DAYS IN BOSTON

"Azorean," and "Fredonia." Each of these vessels had a character of its own, and all were looked upon by the people of Fayal as being almost human. On one occasion, when the "Azor" was overdue, anxiety and grief spread over the whole island, and prayers were offered for her safety. This noble bark was the most beloved of all the ships that brought friends, letters, money, and provisions from America. During the Civil War the "Azor" had many narrow escapes when Captain Semmes of the "Alabama" was scouring the seas. The Southerner was determined to send her to the bottom, but never succeeded in doing so. The "Azor" was built in Maine in 1854 and was commanded during most of her long career by Captain Burke. At one time her name was changed to "Fredonia." In 1866 she saved many immigrants bound from Liverpool to Boston, and during the famine in the Azores a few years before, Mr. Dabney sent her to Boston at his own expense, where ten thousand bushels of grain were procured through the generosity of the inhabitants of this city. It is no wonder that the people of Fayal had a great love for her. She was sold to make way for a larger bark, the "Azorean," and was wrecked a short time afterwards.

The "Swiftsure," under Captain Knowles, had a record for making fortunate passages.

The "Harbinger" was seized by the Constitutionalists during the Portuguese revolution of 1829. She was at one time fitted out as a whaler and proved very successful at this venture. The Dabney families were most helpful in promoting this industry, and Ralph P. Dabney once helped to kill a whale with his own hands within sight of the harbour of Fayal. The "Harbinger" was unfortunately sunk by the "Savannah" which, during a frightful storm, dragged her anchor in the same port and ran into her.

The "Io" was also built for Charles W. Dabney, who gave it this short name as he was always fond of being concise, saying that "the most precious things are done up in small packages." The passengers enjoyed their first voyage in the "Io" but were annoyed by the constant orders to "Look out for fresh paint" when they were in a heavy sea. She was dismayed several times and was finally wrecked in the harbour under the eyes of the whole family, like the "Harbinger."

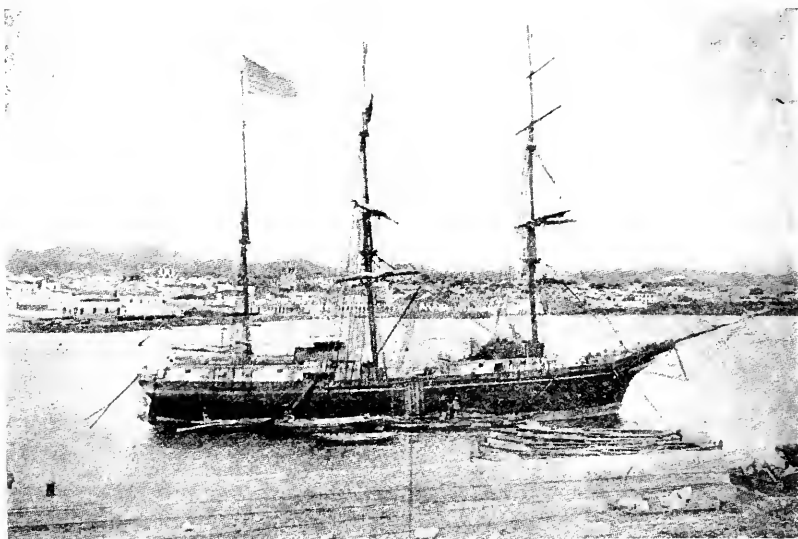
The "Fredonia," which was named after the place in Fayal owned by C. W. and S. W. Dabney, was one of the later ships and was also well known.

The "Sarah," one of the later packets, was owned by E. A. Adams of Boston and ran for some years among the islands and to Boston.

The voyages between Fayal and Boston were often very stormy and the best seamanship was required. The captains were men of the fine old stock, the best known being Captains Savage, Burke, Davis, Hale, and Bettencourt. They were very intelligent and well-educated men and won the admiration of their passengers.

Fayal was a popular winter and summer resort and many Bostonians visited the islands for their health, enjoying at the same time the

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From a print

Courtesy of the "Boston Transcript"

BARK "SARAH," ONE OF THE FAYAL-BOSTON SHIPS

hospitality of the Dabneys. Many well-known Boston people visited them, including the Cunninghams, Alsops, Olivers, Pomeroy's, and Longfellow's. J. Pierpont Morgan once visited there; also, Prince de Joinville, Admiral Dewey, the Prince of Monaco, on one of his scientific voyages, and Lafayette's grandson. Before the advent of steamers Fayal was a great shipping port, at one time twelve whale-ships being counted in the harbour, and occasionally the flags of seven nations were seen there on the same day.

A member of the Dabney family was consul in the Azores from 1806 to 1869, with the exception of one year when Mr. Samuel Haight occupied the position. The new consul went out there, took up his residence with Charles W. Dabney, the consul up to that time, and lived with him on the best of terms for one year. He then returned to the United States and requested the President to reappoint Mr. Dabney as he believed he was much better fitted for the post. This was accordingly done. Mr. Cover was consul from 1869 to 1871 and then Mr. S. W. Dabney was chosen and continued to serve our Government until 1892 when his family came to Boston.

An amusing story is told concerning the first steamship that was brought to the islands by a Mr. Nichols of Boston. As it started out from the shore the natives seeing the steam thought it was on fire and rushed down to the water to push off in boats in order to save the unfortunate crew!

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The ship "Living Age" started in May, 1855, from Boston for a voyage around the world. Captain Frederic Hinckley was her second mate, and he is one of the few men in Boston who from actual experience can to-day tell of those stirring days of trade with China, when at Canton alone there were more American ships than those of any other nationality.

This voyage of the "Living Age," which before its end was to cost some lives, was from the beginning, Captain Hinckley recalls, unlucky. There was no fault in the building of the ship. New England toil had been put into her, probably in Medford, and New England ships were stanch and fast. For thirty days in midwinter the "Living Age" beat around Cape Horn. Food was short, and scurvy had broken out among the sailors, and after a hundred and fifty-three hard, long days, the ship finally put into Honolulu harbour, where she delivered her freight and went on to Shanghai.

"On the 25th of December, 1855," says Captain Hinckley, "we weighed anchor for New York with twenty-three souls on board:—Captain Holmes and his wife, three mates, and eighteen men and boys before the mast. These last were Americans and English, with two or three Swedes and one Italian—an excellent set of sailors. The Northeast monsoon, with thick weather, urged us forward, without an opportunity to take observations. There was a fair wind nearly aft, but the fog was so thick that the only reckoning of our position that we could obtain was by throwing the log every two hours to ascertain the ship's speed, and under such conditions reckoning by the log is necessarily very rough. We sailed down between Formosa Channel and the Chinese coast, moving very cautiously, and with constant watchfulness, knowing the perils, and doing our best to avoid them. We succeeded for a while in escaping danger." Day by day the "Living Age" nosed her way through the dangerous shoals of the China Sea. At four in the morning of the fifth day out Captain Hinckley, who was the watch on deck, realized that the ship was near Pratas Shoal. The course was changed to avoid it, but owing to the unreliability of the log line reckonings the ship did not pass the shoal as Captain Hinckley, who was keeping a sharp lookout, supposed she had done. He was confident that open sea was ahead. He peered through the fog, and saw ahead what appeared to be a breaker, although as the sea was heavy he was not sure but that it was the crest of a rising wave. A sudden fear of great danger swept over him and he rushed forward to see if the lookout was on the alert. Just as he reached the main hatchway the "Living Age," sinking in the hollow of a huge wave, struck bottom with a tremendous crash. Rising with the following sea, she floated and pushed on, but only for a brief moment. Then she settled again, crushing her bow against the rocks, and stuck fast. All hands rushed on deck. Instant destruction was looked for every minute, as the ship was being pounded terrifically by the mighty breakers. The crew turned to the boats, but before

OLD SHIPPING DAYS IN BOSTON

they could cut the lashings the sea tossed them like egg-shells out of sight, two on top of the forecastle and one on the davits being washed away.

Thinking that he would have to swim for his life, Captain Hinckley rushed to his stateroom to take off the heavy underclothes he wore under his oilskins, with the shrieks of the panic-stricken crew rushing about on deck ringing in his ears. He found Mrs. Holmes, the captain's wife, sitting on his sea-chest, clad in her husband's pants and the mate's coat and vest.

"Have you a ditty box?" she asked Captain Hinckley.

"Yes," said he, and handed her his own box from a shelf above his head.

Mrs. Holmes, as calmly as if she had been in her own sitting-room, selected from the box needles and thread, which she carefully tucked away in the pockets of her coat. All the while the ship was lurching fearfully and pounding against the coral reef.

"You don't happen to have an extra hat?" asked Mrs. Holmes.

Captain Hinckley handed her a Louis Kossuth hat, which had become famous after Kossuth's visit to this country.

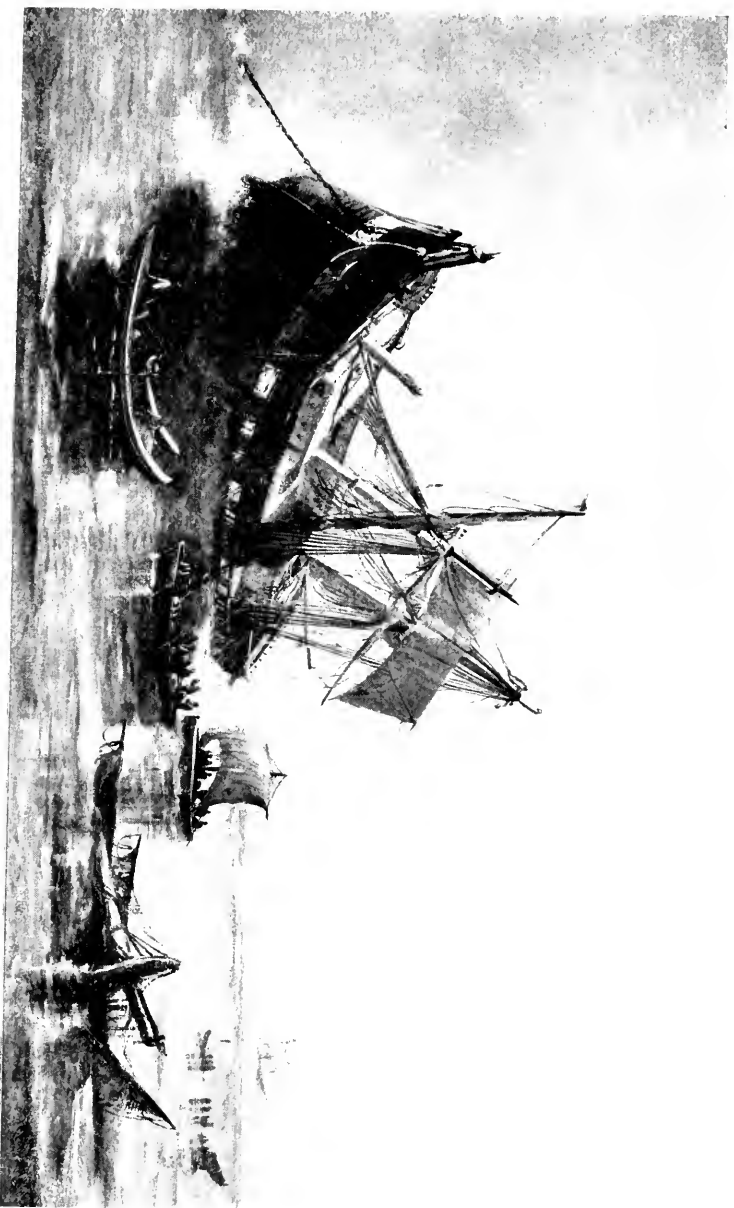
Taking a pair of scissors, she coolly and quickly cut off her hair close to her head, tried on the hat, and secured it under her chin with a tape fastened with safety pins.

"There, don't I look like a boy?" she asked jokingly, and went calmly on deck in the midst of the uproar and confusion.

Mrs. Holmes' manner was never other than brave throughout the fearful days that followed. Where men who had followed the sea for years were frightened, she herself showed no sign of fear, and her example did much towards restoring to order a panic-stricken crew.

The men threw everything unnecessary for safety overboard to lighten the ship. The crew, officers, and Mrs. Holmes gathered in the topgallant forecastle, and a bed was made for Mrs. Holmes by placing boards from the breast-hook to a tar-barrel, and a sail was hung over the break of the forecastle to keep off the spray. The crew slept on the opposite side of the forecastle from the captain and his wife. For thirty-five days they lived in this manner, each morning hoping that the signal of distress which they had hoisted would attract passing vessels, and each night doomed to disappointment. The ship's colors had been washed overboard, but the union jack remained. Captain Hinckley cut up in strips some red and white underflannels, sewed them together for stripes, and attached them to the union jack to form the colors. This hastily improvised banner they kept flying all day, union down. One or two vessels passed within their range, but failed to see their signals.

"While searching the hold for stores," says Captain Hinckley, "a barrel of English ale was found and divided among all hands. One man, however, managed to procure more than his share, and got very drunk. His antics during the day, and his urgency that the colors should be kept flying all night to attract the attention of passing vessels, gave us a hearty fit of laughter. In the search there was also



THE "LIVING AGE" WRECKED ON PRATAS SHOAL IN THE CHINA SEA, 1855

From a painting by Marshall Johnson in the possession of Captain Frederic Hinckley of the firm of Hinckley & Woods, who was an officer on board at the time of the disaster.

found a music-box belonging to Mrs. Holmes, much injured by salt water, but with some music still left in it. This we kept playing constantly, for the music was superb in our ears, and we all took turns at winding it until its last mutilated and fragmentary tune had died away. In vain we tinkered with it. Its last note had fled, and we gave it a sailor's burial."

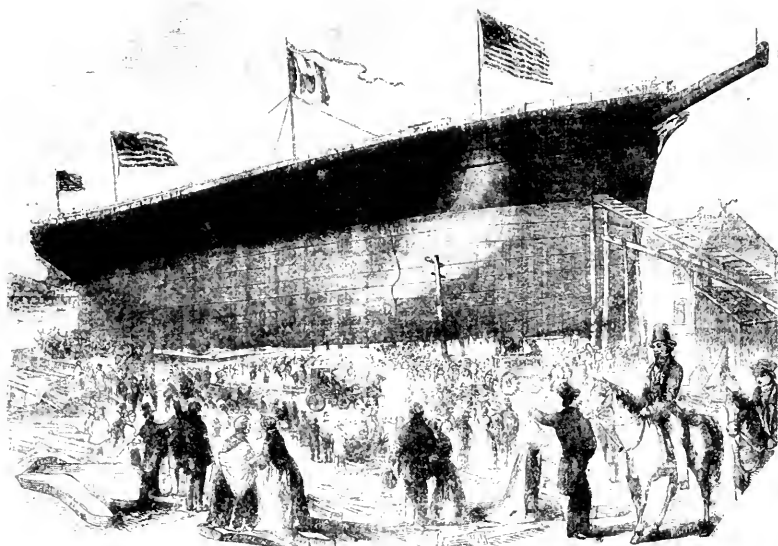
It was about the twentieth day on the wreck, that Mr. Baptistea, the French cook, gave notice. It had occurred to Mr. Baptistea that, by the laws of the sea, since he was wrecked and had received no wages he could not work. The officers said that if he would not cook for them they would build no raft for him, whereupon he set about building a raft of his own. He soon decided, however, that he would resume the cooking.

A roughly constructed flat-bottomed boat was built, and Mr. Campbell, the chief officer, took a few men and started when the sea was smooth to inspect an island lying about ten miles distant. After nearly being driven out to sea by the changing wind the boat's crew succeeded in landing on the island, erected a pole bearing a distress signal, and stationed a lookout near it. One day they sighted a ship. She approached, hove to, and lowered a boat, but to the astonishment of the shipwrecked party the boat after nearing them turned about and returned to the strange ship, which then filled away and disappeared to the south. The men of the "Living Age" did not discover until they were rescued later that the reason for this strange action was that the ship had struck a shoal in approaching them and punched a hole in her bottom, and that, fearing lest the five hundred Chinese coolies on board whom she was carrying to California would in terror at her leaking condition seize the ship if he sent part of his crew away to rescue the shipwrecked party, the ship's captain had decided to make all sail for Manila for repairs and report the discovery of the crew of the "Living Age."

On the thirty-fifth day after the wreck, a Chinese sampan was sighted by the part of the ship's company which had remained on the "Living Age" and in it were Mr. Campbell and his men. The adventures of the crew were related, and on February 6 all hands left the "Living Age" and set sail for Pratas Island where they made themselves as comfortable as possible.

"At last at dawn of February 25th," adds Captain Hinckley, "I espied on the horizon a column of black smoke; a whaler or steamer it seemed to be. We hoisted all our signals and launched a boat to intercept her. To our unspeakable relief the spars and smokestack of a steamer loomed up, and she shortly after came to anchor near the shore, lowering her largest boat, the officer of which on hearing my story directed our boat to go aboard, while he went ashore for the remainder. The steamer was the 'Shanghai' (English) from Manila, Captain Munroe, and in a short time we all stood without effects on a friendly deck." Thence they proceeded to Hong Kong. For the rescue Captain Munroe received from President Fillmore a gold chronometer.

OLD SHIPPING DAYS IN BOSTON



From a print

"Gleason's Pictorial"

LAUNCHING OF THE "GREAT REPUBLIC," OCT. 4, 1853

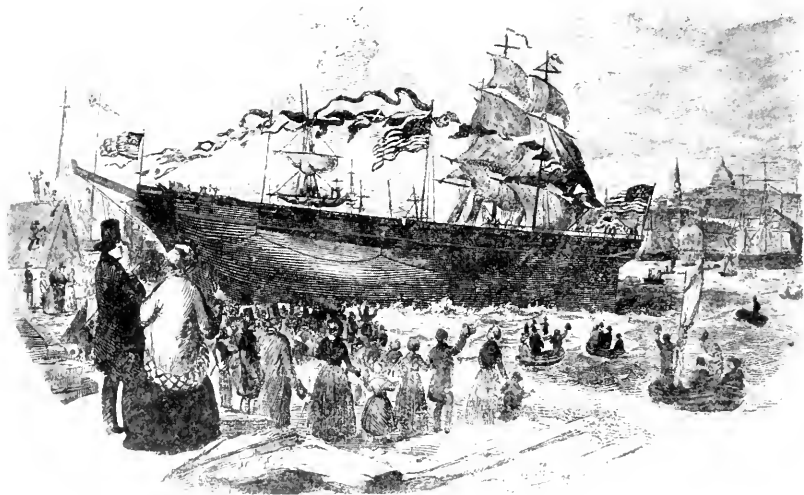
Largest merchant ship at that time in the world

Captain Hinckley to-day is engaged in the insurance business in Boston. There is a striking reminder of the old days of China trade in his Brookline home, and that is a picture, on page 43, which was reproduced from a painting done for Captain Hinckley by Marshall Johnson, the marine artist, of the "Living Age" wrecked on Pratas Shoal in the China Sea. Captain Hinckley followed the sea between 1849 and 1861, sailing in the following ships: "Josiah Quincy," "Horsburgh," "Vancouver," "Cygnet," "Living Age," and "N. B. Palmer."

The launching at East Boston of Donald McKay's famous four-master, the "Great Republic," the largest merchant ship ever built, inspired Longfellow to write a poem, the last lines of which are:—

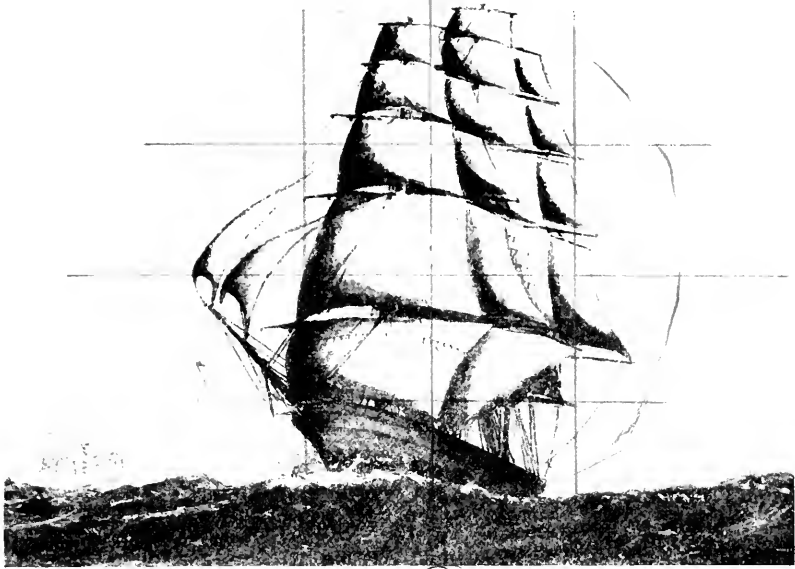
"She starts,—she moves,—she seems to feel
The thrill of life along her keel,
And, spurning with her foot the ground,
With one exulting, joyous bound,
She leaps into the ocean's arms!"

OLD SHIPPING DAYS IN BOSTON



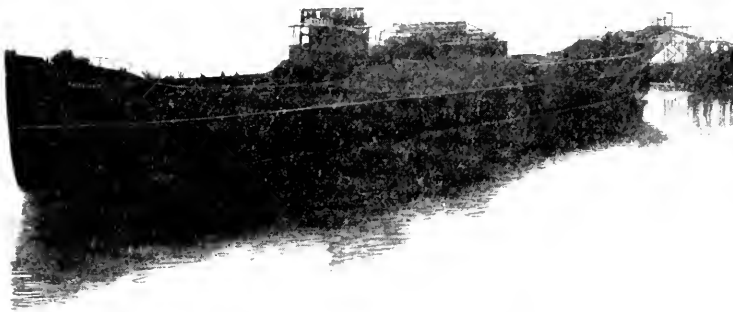
LAUNCHING OF THE "FLYING CLOUD." 1851

October 4, 1853, was a great day for Boston; a public holiday was declared, schools were closed, and business was suspended, as almost every Bostonian wanted to witness the launching. Many thousands of people were present, some coming from very long distances. As the clock on the Old North Church began to strike, the carpenters started the vessel, which slid into the water amid the tooting of steam whistles from the ships in the harbour, and to the accompaniment of salvos from the men-of-war, the ringing of the church bells, and the cheers of the onlookers. Quite contrary to the custom of the day, she was christened with Cochituate water to satisfy the leaders of a temperance crusade. This innovation was apparently not a success, for the beautiful vessel, shortly after her arrival in New York and just before sailing on what her builder hoped would be the record ocean voyage, caught fire from the sparks that came from a conflagration one block away. The topsails first of all ignited, and then the masts, the sails, and rigging. After a hurried consultation it was decided to cut the masts away, and in a few minutes the decks were a mass of burning wreckage. It was thought the ship had been saved, when, to the horror of those near by, some one yelled to the mate, "There's smoke coming up the main hatch." A burning spar had pierced her three decks and a spark had ignited the cargo. She was promptly scuttled, but the flames caused such damage that she was turned over to the underwriters. McKay's disappointment was naturally very great, and he really never quite recovered his former self, and though he later built a good many ships he retired soon afterwards to a farm and died. The "Great



CLIPPER SHIP "LIGHTNING," A MERCHANTMAN OF 1854 AND HOLDER
OF THE WORLD'S SAILING RECORD

Built by Donald McKay at East Boston and owned by James Baines & Co. The "Lightning" holds the world's record for a day's run, 436 nautical miles, an average of over 18 knots an hour. The cut is from an original painting by Capt. W. B. Whall and was obtained through the courtesy of Lester H. Monks, Esq.



From a photograph taken just after launching

Courtesy of Harris Livermore, Esq

THE "SUDBURY," ONE OF BOSTON'S LATEST MERCHANTMEN

Owned by the Shawmut Steamship Co., of which W. H. Randall & Co. are agents.

One of the part owners of the "Sudbury" is a relative of James Baines who owned the "Lightning."

OLD SHIPPING DAYS IN BOSTON



OCEAN-GOING TUG "R. B. FORBES" ASSISTING IN HAULING THE CUNARDER
"CAMBRIA" OFF THE ROCKS AT TRURO BEACH, CAPE COD

This tug was well known in Massachusetts Bay and assisted in the launching of many noted ships, such as the "Great Republic," "Witch of the Wave," and the wonderful ship "Lightning"; she was also the most powerful wrecking steamer on the Atlantic coast, and saved much property for her owners, the Boston Underwriters. She was built at East Boston in 1845 and was one of the few vessels at that time made of iron and propelled by a screw. Her engines and boilers were designed by Ericsson. The "R. B. Forbes" was bought by the United States Government during the Civil War, but was wrecked a few years later off Hatteras Inlet. She was built by and named after Captain Robert Bennet Forbes, who originated the idea of a large ocean-going, twin-screw tug for salvage purposes. It had been generally believed that such a boat was not needed; that a propeller could not tow as well as a paddle-wheeler; and also that an iron vessel would rust in a short time. Mr. Thomas Lamb and Mr. Balch of the Underwriters Board, however, both believed the boat would be the success she turned out to be.

"Republic" was sold to Captain Palmer, who rebuilt her, and although under greatly reduced sail plan, she nevertheless proved to be very fast. She was used by France as a troop ship during the Crimean War, and by our Government during the Civil War. She was three hundred and thirty-five feet long and fifty-three feet wide. There is a model of this celebrated clipper in the Louvre, and a card underneath gives her history, mentioning also that the "Clipper Américain" was the highest type of wooden merchant ship under sail.

Another launching that will always be remembered by the people of Massachusetts took place at Salem, when the "Witch of the Wave" was christened. She was owned by Captain John Bertram and Alfred Peabody, both of Salem, and the vessel was the pride of that port. The Collector of the Port proposed the toast at lunch, "Success to the newest and youngest of the Salem Witches." Two hundred distinguished guests sailed from Portsmouth, where she was built, to Salem, while the Boston Cadet Band played patriotic selections. The tug "R. B. Forbes" was towing. Captain Bertram thought he would set some sail "just to assist the tow-boat a little." Then there ensued a great race between the two vessels, the "Witch of the

OLD SHIPPING DAYS IN BOSTON

Wave" setting more sail, while the tug put on steam to her fullest capacity. Slowly the sailing ship pulled up abreast of the tug while the band played "A Life on the Ocean Wave." The hawser was not used much on this part of the trip. One of the guests on board sang,—

"They say she's bound to sail so fast
That a man on deck can't catch the mast!
And a porpoise trying to keep ahead,
Will get run over and killed stone dead."

And to wind up the festivities all on board sang the following lines from Whittier:—

"God bless her wheresoe'er the breeze
Her snowy wings shall fan,
Beside the frozen Hebrides
Or sultry Hindostan!

"Where'er, in mart or on the main,
With peaceful flag unfurled,
She helps to wind the silken chain
Of commerce round the world.

"Her pathway on the open main
May blessings follow free,
And glad hearts welcome back again
Her white sails from the sea!"

The "Witch of the Wave" was loaded at Boston by the Williams and Glidden Line for San Francisco under command of Captain J. H. Millett.

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